MORE JOY

KEPPLER

MORE JOY

BY

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

"JOY!" No sooner is the word written down than a solemn feeling takes possession of me. It seems as if a thousand little faces, haloed with children's hair, look at me sadly. Tears are falling from eyes of brown and eyes of blue; and I hear voices pleading: "Do bring us joy; we need it, oh, so sorely."

Then I see other faces, withered, worn, tormented by fear, and their dull looks say plainly: "Speak not to us of joy; it is only an illusion."

But then, beyond these again, there are others, radiant with happiness and affection, that turn to me encouragingly: "Yes: Do speak of it. Tell us what to do in these unhappy times to save joy from destruction and to get more of it, for ourselves and for everybody."

So I am going to speak of joy. Would that all who still believe and hope, might listen to me; that all who still love joy and mankind, might assist me. Then indeed, the phrase I have placed on the title-page would soon be something more than a wish, an aspiration.

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INTRODUCTION

THE STORY OF THIS LITTLE BOOK

One dreary winter I wrote my Little Book of Joy; and, in the spring of 1909, I sent it forth as an Easter greeting. It met a kindly welcome here and abroad, among both people of culture, and those commonly miscalled the "lower classes." Wafted by a happy fate over land and sea, it encountered a larger number of friends than provision had been made for, and was introduced in more than one foreign land before it had yet learned the language of the country. Denominational barriers were lowered before it; and from the reviewers it obtained passports even into hostile camps. When, after a year of travel, it came home again to its author, it bore the proud title *"Fiftieth Thousand";* and had many a tale to tell. Well-filled mail-bags from both hemispheres followed it home, bringing touching testimonies of gratitude, moving confidences from pain-racked souls, messages of enthusiastic concurrence, of keen

criticism, of encouragement, together with requests for "more."

The author felt constrained to put all this to good use, to return greetings, to correct blunders, to comply with requests. Thus a new edition has come into existence; and now, bearing the device *"Fifty-fourth Thousand,"* the Little Book begins its second voyage around the world. It is going to tap gently at the door of old friends, to greet them in the author's name and to thank them. Perhaps it is also going to enroll new friends in the crusade of joy.

In behalf of this crusade, we may properly enough here set down one or two wholly impersonal observations suggested by many kind, and a few unsympathetic, criticisms.

Our Little Book found its starting point, and indeed its very reason of being, in the joylessness of modern civilization. To establish the fact of this joylessness appeared to be the very first and also the most difficult step. On this point, therefore, I deliberately multiplied authorities high in the world's esteem, feeling quite prepared nevertheless to meet with contradiction and to be reproached for my pessimistic view of the age. Great was my surprise to encounter on every side, not denial of the world's

joylessness, but admission and acknowledgment. General agreement in every quarter; thousands of hands reaching out eagerly for the Little Book;—this seemed like a new and almost terrifying evidence of the extent to which men were suffering from the lack of joy.

Now, the poisonous weed of pessimism is no Christian, or Catholic, growth; it flourishes in the world's own soil. As Father Weiss has noted,[1] it is the unbeliever, not the Christian, who makes the bitterest, most pitiless criticisms of life:

"Schilling calls existence a farce, an absurd romance; Feuerbach, a madhouse, a jail; Schopenhauer, a sham, an annoying and useless interruption of the steady calm of eternal nothingness. Swinburne in *Atalanta* describes life as a time,

> 'Filled with days we would not fain behold
> And nights we would not hear of.'

And Moritz Block affirms that throughout human history, evil keeps so much to the fore and good so far in the background, that we can get statistics of evil conduct only, never of the good."

There is more optimism, a stronger affirmation

[1] *Lebensweisheit in der Tasche*, 12, Freiburg, 1910, 99. (References in German are copied from Bishop Keppler, without verification. Tr.)

of the value of life, in Catholic Christianity than in all the rest of the world.

I am a confirmed optimist and I think I have set the imprint of optimism on this Little Book. But healthy optimism finds very little support in a vague hope that improvement will come at last. It insists upon getting at the root of existing evils, giving them their true names, and then, laying hold of them with both hands to uproot them. Optimists do not wait for improvement; they achieve it.

My judgment upon modern art was by some called too harsh. Certain sharp phrases I have since canceled. But, as a whole, my criticism was justified, for it is not true that the infirmities indicated have been completely cured, or that Manet's principle of "Art for art's sake" has been wholly abandoned by our artists. Every annual exhibition proves the contrary. And in so far as improvement has come, it has hardly come as the result of sounder principles. One fashion has simply replaced another; and there is no guarantee that the vagaries now discredited will not in the tortuous course of fashion some day again become the modern vogue. Even before this Little Book was published, an intensely modern man had recommended to

contemporary art the very same prescription of More Joy. "Nothing made in sadness will ever diffuse joy. Hence above all else, I would appeal to modern art for more joy. I do not mean playfulness, nor frivolity; but that holy sort of joy which is born of pain and earnest effort, the joy we see on the face of the dying Schiller, the joy perceptible in all sincere art that still speaks to us with living voice." [2]

All honor to the noble efforts, the skilful workmanship, the technical progress that we witness in the world of art. But let it not be proclaimed that we have already crossed the mountains and acquired an art and a style all our own. Morbid fear of forfeiting originality by studying the great masters, weak-kneed readiness to imitate whatever is most modern, childish contempt of all tradition, effeminate devotion to fashion, pursuit of sensation and novelty, and, at the same time, a distressing poverty of great thoughts, deep feelings, warm affections,—these are no symptoms of health. And where there is not health, certainly there can be no joy.

Of course, it is praiseworthy in our artists that, by way of change, they have turned their

[2] A. von Gleichen-Russwurm, *Sieg der Freude*, Stuttgart, 1909, 250.

attention to winter scenes, to ice-fields and snow-landscapes, endeavoring to catch and reproduce the never-failing charm of these. But when in this present year of 1910, winter scenes and snow-landscapes appear at the Glaspalast by the dozen, many of them looking like attempts to kill poor dead nature all over again, a chill fastens upon our spirits and we find ourselves not at all disposed to believe that this is a young, vigorous, joyous school of art. Widespread and careful attention ought to be given to the critical articles of Momme Nissen in the *Kunstwart*,[3] in which he points out the true road to progress. It will be a pity if all his true and clever observations go for naught.

It betrays shortsightedness and superficiality and inexperience when Christians are denied the privilege of being right heartily joyful in this life, just because they are not exclusively devoted to it, but are solicitous also about the life to come. And it is worse than shortsighted and superficial when a paper professedly Christian, —although addicted to the "sport" of baiting everything Catholic,—proclaims its discovery of a new species, namely, "Catholic Pessimism"; and offers as sole evidence the deductions that

[3] Jahrgang 17 und 18.

can be drawn from Catholic faith in Our Savior's saying, "The Lord shall come as a thief in the night," from Catholic belief in the Last Judgment and in Eternal Punishment, and from Catholic use of the words of the *Salve Regina, "Ad te clamamus, exules filii Hevae."* The reviewer includes among his observations this peculiarly interesting one that "as a rule, even Catholics of the best class do not work any longer than they have to, and prefer to retire at the early age of forty-five."

No one will venture to affirm, much less attempt to prove, that to limit life to this present existence, to shun the thought of death, to eliminate belief in judgment and immortality, to represent the world as a paradise, a sort of heaven on earth, is sufficient to do away with all suffering and to keep the cup of joy filled to the brim. Then only does joy become solid and enduring when it has learned to face boldly the pain of this life and the threat of ever-approaching death, when it has contrived to make the anchor of hope catch hold of eternity.

To think of death and to prepare for death, is not a surrender; it is a victory over fear. In fact, the fear of death presses all the harder upon worldlings and unbelievers, in the

measure that they try to shun every thought of it.[4]

Once upon a time our German people were well aware that the true joy of living results from being ready to die. They had a saying: "He that thinks of death begins to live." They did not shrink from preparing shroud and grave-clothes long beforehand and laying them aside ready for use. The sight of these things only heightened the sense of being alive and the pleasure of work. Chamisso's *"Old Washerwoman,"* cheerfully stitching her shroud with her own hands and keeping it as carefully as a wedding-dress, belongs to a type fortunately not yet extinct among our people. Let us not forget the poet's concluding wish:

I would I were as wise as she,
  Life's cup to empty, never sighing;
And then, with joy like hers, to see
  The shroud made ready for my dying.

[4] See A. Wibbelt, *Ein Trostbüchlein vom Tode*, Warendorf, 1911.

MORE JOY

I

THE RIGHT TO JOY

Strange as it may seem, we shall have to begin with establishing man's right to joy, for although fundamental, this right is, at the present time, often misunderstood and as often undervalued. How much men mistake the true nature of joy, may be seen from their feverish thirst for it and their mad pursuit of it. Not a few regard it as a delicious relish, a sweet morsel, to be greedily devoured whenever found; or a sort of champagne for the gratification of the rich; or an honor reserved to decorate Fortune's favorites. On the other hand, many speak contemptuously of joy, call it a bonbon for women and children and, setting their faces in a pessimistic frown, pose as men of lofty intellect and wide experience. Pious souls, too, there may be, who in their simplicity look upon all joy as the disguised foe of

religion and holiness. And more numerous and more simple still, are the persons absolutely opposed to all religion and piety because they regard these as the irreconcilable enemies of joy.

The truth is, however, that joy is a constituent of life, a necessity of life; it is an element of life's value and life's power. As every man has need of joy, so too, every man has a right to joy. It is indispensable to the health of both soul and body; it is necessary to physical and spiritual industry; it is a condition of religious living.

Hence it is not a mere poetical phrase to say that joy acts upon human beings as sunshine upon plants. The quickening influence of joy and the paralyzing effect of sadness are readily observed. In children especially, we note that sorrow deadens, whereas happiness revives and enlivens. With invalids happiness actually works miracles,—a fact known and utilized by sage physicians.

The English physician, Weber,[1] lays stress upon the importance of cultivating cheerfulness. It is to be attained and preserved by a strong sense of duty and by restraint of the passions; and, to effect this, the chief instrument

[1] Sir Hermann Weber, *On Means for the Prolongation of Life*, London, 1908, ch. xii.

is the will. Physiologically, the influence of the feelings on the organism is explained as follows:

Joy and hope, by quickening respiration, increase the flow of blood to the brain and the supply of nourishment to the nerve-cells. On the contrary, psychic depression retards respiration and heart-action and lessens the blood-flow to the brain, causing first functional and then organic derangement. What we may call the gymnastics of joy, therefore, would produce definite and physiological results, would expand the lungs and ease the heart,—like a deep breath of pure mountain air,—thereby improving the whole psychic life, and warding off or expelling illness.

Joy is ozone for both body and soul. Just as the fragrant odor of sassafras, wafted from the shore, roused Columbus and his crew out of their despondency to new life, so are we often awakened and enlivened by the fragrance of joy. True joy, which springs from sources undefiled, works upon the soul no less than upon the senses. It is the balm of life. In education, it is a priceless aid; in work, it is the best possible assistant; and in all social life, it is a most important factor.

At times our strength and energy seem to be actually redoubled by the coming of joy. A man's power to will and to do is reinforced. He

is made bold, he is kept undismayed. Many a lofty resolve and many a noble deed have been born of joy. It smilingly shows us how to get over obstacles and how to get out of difficulties. Working ever with high purpose, zealous for the good, the true, the beautiful, joy keeps a man's lower inclinations under strict control and develops his best capacities. Under the magic of its influence, he grows gracious, kindly, ready to serve. Thus joy brings individuals closer together, promotes social intercourse, and ties the knot of friendship.

Joy preserves and fosters optimism and averts pessimism,—a most meritorious achievement. Emerson says truly: "I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled, far better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling, discontented people. I know those miserable fellows, and I hate them, who see a black star always riding through the light and colored clouds in the sky overhead: waves of light pass over and hide it for a moment, but the black star keeps fast in the zenith. But power dwells with cheerfulness; hope puts us in a working mood, whilst despair is no muse, and untunes the active powers. A man should make life and nature

happier to us, or he had better never been born."[2]

Even from a religious point of view, this fine tribute to joy need not be essentially modified, nor restricted to the higher and supernatural forms of joy. There is a notion,—common enough, yet false,—that Christianity, with its austere morality, its summons to penance, its doctrine of pain, its view of the necessity and value and merit of suffering, demands always renunciation of joy, or, at best, perfect indifference in its regard. Later on we shall show how erroneous is this belief.

No one can live without joy, not even the Christian soul following the path of perfection. Indeed, a cheerful, happy, friendly spirit is more often encountered among believers and Christians than among unbelieving and irreligious men. Among the saints the proportion of joyous souls is particularly great. It is not the "moderns" in art and letters, but the religious writers and poets and artists, that have most carefully cultivated, most warmly befriended, and most sincerely championed the cause of joy. In the history of modern literature we find a shocking number of famous names listed as foes of joy

[2] Ralph Waldo Emerson, *The Conduct of Life*, ch. vii.

and prophets of pessimism, from Leopardi, "the black swan of Recanati," to Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and their lugubrious disciples.

On the other hand, it was an eighteenth-century Capuchin who undertook to defend joy against the Jansenistic rigorism which cast a gloom not only over the religious life, but over all existence. I refer to Ambroise de Lombez [3] whose book on "The Joy of the Soul" still deserves to be read. He loudly proclaims the worth of joy:

"Joy is useful to virtue, useful in the transaction of business, useful in society, useful for all good things. As long as your soul is in joy, your intellect will be more active and productive, your ideas will be clearer, your imagination more lively, your heart more at rest, your temper more gay and cheerful, your society more agreeable, even your health stronger, or at all events less delicate; your piety will be sweeter, your virtue more generous. . . . Joy is useful in the transaction of business. With the help of joy, the fatigue of our necessary labor is made easy; our difficulties vanish; we unravel the knot of our perplexities; the means of attaining suc-

[3] His real name was La Pairie. He was a native of Lombez in Languedoc and lived from 1708 to 1778.

cess in our undertakings becomes clear to us. A melancholy and gloomy man is not at all fit for the management of affairs, everything disgusts him, the least thing puts him out of temper, the slightest difficulty discourages him. He either neglects his duties altogether, or they suffer considerably from the gloom and weariness pervading his soul. . . . Melancholy was never a virtue, and never will be; it takes away from the value of our sacrifices, instead of adding thereto. The Apostle tells us that 'God loves a cheerful giver,' and nothing does more honor to the 'yoke' of His service than the calm serenity on the brow of those who bear the whole weight of it, for His sake." [4]

Frederick W. Faber, the English Oratorian, who died at London in 1863, waged war against the contemporary spirit of sourness and pessimism. Throughout his numerous ascetical writings there runs a pure stream of joy. So wholesome and so sensible is his teaching that we may well summarize it here.

As Goethe terms joyousness the mother of all virtues, Father Faber calls it the atmosphere of heroic virtues. "It is doing no injury to the

[4] *Treatise on the Joy of the Christian Soul*, London, 1894, pp. vi and 9-11.

mortified character of high sanctity to say that joy is one of the most important elements in the spiritual life, and nothing is more common than cases in which persons are kept back from great attainments, or from persevering in their vocations, by the want of joy. They say there was an epoch on this planet of ours when, from the quantity of carbonic acid in the atmosphere, the growth of vegetation was magnificently prolific, rapid, and gigantic. Just so is it in the spiritual life when everything breathes of holy and supernatural joy. . . .

"It cannot be too often repeated that it is no honor to holy mortification to think or speak lightly of the sweetness, and the balm, and the fragrance of spiritual joy. . . . Now it is quite notorious that joy is of all things the one which most helps us in sustaining this equable sweetness towards others. When we are joyful, nothing comes amiss to us. Nothing takes us by surprise or throws us off our guard. Unkindly interpretations of other men's deeds and words seem unnatural to us; and we lose our facility of judging harshly and of suspecting unreasonably. No matter what duty we are unexpectedly called upon to do, no matter what little unforeseen disappointments come upon us, no matter what sud-

den provocations to petulance and irritability assail us, all seems to come right. There is no shadow in our souls under which we can sit and be morose; for the grace of joy is as universal as the strong sunshine of a fine day."[5]

It is joy alone which can give liberty of spirit. Without it, "helps become hindrances, sacraments formalities, fervors scruples, and the order of rule and habit, instead of being a facility of expansion, grows into a chain of bondage and pusillanimity."[6] Far from being destructive of joy, mortification is its foundation and chief support. "We cherish our joy in order to nurture our mortified spirit, and we practice austerities in order to increase our joy. . . . Self-love is the filth, the squalor, the confinement, the poverty, the depression, the bad air of the spiritual life, and mortification is our emancipation from it all. What wonder it should be so joyous? . . .

"If the saints are such gay sprites, and monks and nuns such unaccountably cheerful creatures, it is simply because their bodies, like St. Paul's, are chastised and kept under with an unflinching sharpness and a vigorous discretion. He that would be joyous, must first be mortified; and he

[5] *The Blessed Sacrament*, Book II.
[6] *Ibid.*

that is mortified is already joyous, with the joy that is of pure, celestial birth."[7]

Of course, sorrow is precious, inevitable, indispensable, meritorious, but we have absolutely no right to set it above joy. Joy is antecedent, primary, a condition of eternity, whereas sorrow is a sequel of sin and a condition of time. Joy and sorrow work together in the life of the Christian, blending into one another and alternating with each other, like the heaving and sinking of the ocean's billows. "They live together because they are sisters. Joy is the eldest-born, and when the younger dies—as she will die—joy will keep a memory of her about her forevermore, a memory which will be very gracious, so gracious as to be part of the bliss of heaven."[8]

Joy is the sail of the boat; he who knows how to manage this sail, can take advantage even of adverse winds and make them serve towards a swifter voyage. True pure joy is as good a tutor as sorrow and is equally necessary, if not more so. "There are souls, too, in the world which have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes from under their fingers like jets of light. There is something in their very presence, in

[7] *Ibid.* [8] *Bethlehem*, ch. viii.

their mere silent company, from which joy cannot be extricated and laid aside. . . . Of a truth, he is the happiest, the greatest, and the most godlike of men, as well as the sole poet among men, who has added one true joy to the world's stock of happiness." [9]

Quite in keeping with the importance of joy in human life is the divine care to provide joy in both the natural and supernatural order, so that every creature shall be able to appropriate at least as much as is necessary for existence.

In the creating of joys, nature is as tireless and as lavish as in the making of flowers; to each season and to each place she assigns its own. No well-ordered life, no life that is reasonable, moral and Christian, will be entirely without joy. Solitude and society, rest and labor, prayer and service, faith and hope and love,—all have their own peculiar joys. By the wise cultivation of joy, the life of the individual and of society will be illumined, ennobled, adorned. Art and poetry especially, have the fair calling and an almost miraculous ability to "twine heavenly roses into earthly lives." True religion, true Christianity, may be determined by this property,—it increases, rather than lessens, the joy of life.

[9] *Ibid.*

To this extent then, the question of the joyousness of an epoch is really a question of conscience and of education, and it is a question that must be put to our own age.

II

JOY AND THE AGE

Is our age rich or poor in joy? The optimist who says it is rich may be envied but he will hardly be believed. Frankly, joylessness, yea despair, is characteristic of our age, and dominant in the life of people. It would be easy enough from the pages of modern literature to piece together long jeremiads, mourning choruses, symphonies of lamentation; but we refrain. Neither shall we quote from avowed pessimists. Nor shall we even enter our own judgment, since we are so unmodern that our opinion would be neither accepted nor excused. On the point in question, however, let us hear men unquestionably capable of judging, men revered as prophets, or at least acknowledged as authorities, by the modern world.

There could hardly be a severer censure than the following drastic comment of a critic who is certainly far from being religious, namely, the much overrated Chamberlain:

"And so this too great preoccupation with the material banished the beautiful almost entirely from life; at the present moment there exists perhaps no savage, at least no half-civilized people, which does not to my mind possess more beauty in its surroundings and more harmony in its existence as a whole than the great mass of so-called civilized Europeans." [1]

Rudolf Eucken, one of the most earnest and noble of modern philosophers, regards as demonstrated the inadequacy of a merely human culture divorced from faith in another world:

"It splits life up into opposing extremes. Now it throws man back upon himself as a refuge from the icy coldness of a soulless world, and again it bids him flee from the narrow, stultifying influences of human relationships to the ampler life of the universe. Nowhere is there a sure footing, nowhere a comprehensive synthesis, nowhere a life that repays all the toil and trouble which highly civilized man is bound to expend on it. And this failure appears all the more disconcerting when we remember the greatness of the hopes which attended the birth of the

[1] Houston Stewart Chamberlain, *Die Grundlagen des 19 Jahrhunderts*, vol. I, p. 32. Translated by John Lees, New York, 1912, p. xcvi.

movement. Life in its progress has shattered these hopes and reversed all expectations. We looked for certainty, and have fallen into grievous perplexity. We sought a life that should be one and single, and found it dismembered and self-conflicting. We craved happiness and tranquillity, and could find only conflict, trouble, and sorrow." [2]

He calls modern culture mere material development, not true culture of the spirit; and declares it utterly worthless:

"Whirling complexity, restless hurry and pursuit, a passionate exaltation of self and an overweening pushing of its claims against those of others; life occupied with alien interests rather than its own; no inward problems or inward motives; little pure enthusiasm or genuine love; the fostering and furthering of self ever the dominant note, despite all boastful profession and even some really honest work; man, with his likes and dislikes, the supreme arbiter of good and evil, true and false, so that the main goal of endeavor is to win social favor and respect appearances. All this, however much it may make profession of following after ideal goals and be-

[2] *The Meaning and Value of Life.* Translated by Lucy Judge Gibson and W. R. Boyce Gibson, London, 1913, p. 63.

ing guided by ideal sentiments, yet reveals in every part of it an inner insincerity, a repellent unreality, a spiritual tameness and hollowness." [3]

In another passage he calls modern culture "a sham, straining after pomp and polish, substituting external service for interior development, sacrificing the intrinsic value of life to mere utility, and inevitably becoming mere show and emptiness." [4]

Friedrich Paulsen, in his latest work, speaks still more sharply: "It is as if, in one instant, all the devils had been let loose to devastate the fields of German life." He draws particular attention to the fact that modern education, so effeminate, so deficient in character and so neglectful of character, brings no increase of joy to young people, but quite the contrary. "The young people of to-day, the product of a soft, weak, yielding method of education, look on themselves as unfortunate, oppressed, misunderstood, and abused, whereas formerly strict discipline was borne with patience and even with cheerfulness." [5]

Keen and accurate is the judgment of Werner

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 139.

[4] *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, Beilage, I, 1908.

[5] *Moderne Erziehung und geschlechtliche Sittlichkeit*, Berlin, 1908, 53, 86.

Sombart: "To-day our real insight into the essence of things is in no sense better than before. Modern culture has done nothing for our inner life, our happiness, our contentment, our thoroughness."

"Far better be a wood-chopper than to live any longer this worthless civilized and educated life. We must get back to the sources high up in the lonely mountains," is the dejected cry of P. de Lagarde.

Another recent critic expresses himself as follows: "Our unquiet and restless life is full of painful groaning and yearning. Day by day our fund of knowledge grows. Scarcely any impassable obstacles confront our progress in technical science, . . . and still we take no joy in it, still we hear louder and louder the tiresome, troublesome question, 'To what purpose?' We lack that which gives life its basis and inspiration,—namely, a sure philosophy. Or rather, we have come to the point where we can no longer live on the philosophy which since the Age of Enlightenment has been impressing itself more and more on our whole spiritual life. Materialism and greed, in coarser or finer form, have permeated our habits of thought, even with those of us who would angrily repudiate the name 'Ma-

terialist.' Along with materialism there used to exist a considerable capital of antique idealism; and so long as a man could live on this, materialism seemed to be a force for the destruction of deep-rooted prejudices and the opening of a path to progress in every field. The new generation retains little or nothing of this old capital. Brought up in exclusive materialism, it sees before it an existence of frightful barrenness and emptiness. And now that even the man on the street has got hold of the childishly simple principle of materialism and from the heights of 'scientific' philosophy looks down with scorn upon all reactionaries, we are beginning to recognize the peril that threatens everything associated with the word, 'Humanity.' This explains why so many contemporary writings deal with questions of philosophy."[6]

F. W. Foerster[7] and Robert Saitschick[8] are fundamentally in accord with this judgment. Foerster contrasts the technical culture of to-day with the spiritual culture of the Middle Ages and points out that modern education directs the attention to secondary matters, destroys interior

[6] *Literarisches Zentralblatt*, 1909, Nr 23.

[7] *Jugendlehre, Berlin*, 1905, often reëdited.

[8] *Quid est Veritas? Ein Buch über die Probleme des Daseins*, Berlin, 1907.

peace, estranges men from one another and makes them in many respects inwardly poorer though externally richer. He doubts if the victories of modern civilization render the life of the spirit surer and deeper; and do not rather, in the long run, tend to coarsen and ruin the spirit, entailing moral deterioration while promoting material comfort. He thinks that the poverty and emptiness of our lives will yet open our eyes and make us realize that true culture is impossible unless the life of the soul is the center of thought and interest.

Saitschick says: "Never have men heaped up such masses of knowledge, and never perhaps did the educated know less of what man really needs to know. They read easily in the book of nature, but the human soul is a sealed volume to them." Hence the struggle for happiness, the desire to heighten and multiply pleasant sensations, leads to no goal. Man is looking for "a level land of painlessness through which ripples a shallow brook of sensuous pleasure"; and even this he seeks in vain.

These thinkers agree that, despite all technical progress, all beautifying and improving of the conditions of life, despite all increasing and refining of pleasure, modern culture is unable to

satisfy the inner man, but impoverishes and weakens and empties him, and ends with a lamentable deficit of joy. It admits failure and at heart is plainly diseased, rotten. For all healthy culture buds and blooms in joy; all healthy life incessantly and in rich fullness puts forth flowers of joy.

The above testimonies indicate where the fault lies. Modern culture is fundamentally worldly, and of this present life; it is culture of technical science, culture of the intellect. Hence it is incapable of satisfying or contenting man, and is empty of joy. True culture is essentially inner culture of heart and soul. "Only when we set a higher value upon character than upon knowledge and thought," says Saitschick[9] quite rightly, "are we tilling the soil in which real culture grows."

The overrating of knowledge and intellect at the cost of will and character is the malady of our age and has made us unhappy. We should pay more attention to Schiller's saying, "When a man has once reached the point of cultivating his mind at the expense of his heart, to him the holiest thing is no longer holy; to him man and

[9] *Quid est Veritas?* 102.

God are nothing; neither world is aught in his eyes." [10]

In a misguided search for external and intellectual development, man has undoubtedly gone astray in the wilderness. Any culture affecting intellect and memory, but not heart and soul, will be poor in joy, because it can never give peace and happiness to the inner man. Intellectual processes and intellectual activities may indeed be accompanied with joyous feelings, but these are only reflected joys, cold like frost-flowers on the window-pane. Indeed, these joys may even be dangerous by chilling the soul with pride and arrogance. If love, faith, and religion die of this chill, the inner misery is complete. How often does it happen that the man of highly developed intellect and vast knowledge satisfies his hunger for joy with merely sensual, nay bestial, gratifications. For although the tyrant intellect may be able to bind the heart and soul and cast them into cold dungeons, it cannot alone subdue the struggles of sensual nature. Under its supremacy, they get more cunning and more brutal.

Again is Tantalus the symbol of men fevered with thirst for joy. "Tantalus, who in old times

[10] Preface to "*The Robbers.*"

was seen vainly trying to quench his thirst with a flowing stream which ebbed whenever he approached it, has lately been seen in Paris, in New York, in Boston. He is now in great spirits; thinks he shall reach it yet; thinks he shall bottle the wave. It is however getting a little doubtful. Things have an ugly look still. No matter how many centuries of culture have preceded, the new man always finds himself standing on the brink of chaos, always in a crisis. Can anybody remember when the times were not hard, and money not scarce? Can anybody remember when sensible men, and the right sort of men, and the right sort of women, were plentiful? Tantalus begins to think steam a delusion, and galvanism no better than it should be." [11]

A noxious culture has sickened mankind in body and soul. The realization of this fact is manifested in the high esteem now accorded the science of hygiene. We need summon just one decisive witness, a witness greatly respected by the world and never contradicted, namely, Death. Death opens his record and shows the frightful increase in the number of suicides. While men have been prating about the value of life, and about joy in living, the rate of suicide in Europe

[11] Emerson, *Society and Solitude: Essay on Works and Days.*

has been increasing by four hundred per cent, during the past fifty years,—the population meantime increasing by only sixty per cent. In Germany alone there are yearly about twelve thousand deserters from the army of life.[12] Who could imagine a more terrible satire on our boasted modern culture! And the real increase in the rate of suicide is far greater than the above figures show. Suicide is become so epidemic, that the Salvation Army, devising the most modern form of social relief, has established Anti-suicide Bureaus in London, New York, Berlin, Chicago, and Melbourne, where would-be suicides are advised and, if possible, converted.

[12] According to the report for 1911, the U. S. Census Bureau finds the suicide rate for that year to be 16.2 for each 100,000 of population in the registration-area. This rate applied to the total population would mean approximately 15,400 suicides in the United States in the year 1911. (Tr.)

III

MODERN DESTROYERS OF JOY

In addition to the fact that modern culture is not of a nature to promote joy, it involves many things that directly disturb and destroy joy.

True, our great technical progress and our inventions have in many respects lightened labor by passing the heaviest tasks over to machines. The external standards of living are higher than before. But the value of the progress we have made is greatly lessened by its effect upon all classes, in both their individual and their social life; for it has changed modern existence into a life of frightfully high pressure, a life of almost fatal intensity. It is as if steam, electricity, and all the powers and forces of nature yoked to human service by machines and wires, were thus taking revenge upon man, driving him on in feverish haste and excitement his whole life long, and depriving him of all rest of mind and body. "We have become the slaves of the

monster that we ourselves created," says William Morris, the Socialist.

This high-pressure life has begotten a peculiar modern infirmity, which is a joy destroyer of supreme efficiency, namely nervousness or neurasthenia. It afflicts the whole race in body, mind and will; and it robs our social life of all joy and cheerfulness.

Despite every effort, despite all attempts of governments and philanthropists, the factories and machines of modern industry make the conditions of life and labor very hard for a great part of mankind. "I think it is probable," says Chamberlain,[1] "that the nineteenth century was the most 'pain-ful' of all the ages, and that chiefly because of the sudden advent of the machine."

It will not be necessary here to present a detailed picture of the life of many laborers and their families. There is no need of journeying through our monster industrial establishments in order to become acquainted with the grinding, often depressingly monotonous, tasks performed in the stifling air of the factory, or in the fiery atmosphere of the boiler room, or amid the frightful noise of trip-hammers, humming

[1] *Op. cit.*, II, p. 363.

wheels, rattling looms and buzzing bobbins. One needs no special training to be able to interpret what is written on so many pale and wrinkled faces. This much is sure; it means anything but joy.

No wonder! For modern industry has in great measure changed the nature of labor for the worse. It is the sad consequence of a principle practically very valuable, the division of labor. Unquestionably this principle brings great technical advantage; but it entails still greater disadvantages, physical and moral. It robs a man's work of soul and spirit. No longer completing anything, his labor is limited to one minute service, to one small detail. It gives no satisfaction; it has become a servile task scarcely worthy of a human being.

"In an international exhibition," relates A. von Gleichen-Russwurm, "I came upon a machine served by a dejected-looking operator. I do not know what the machine was making; I only know that it worked with most uncanny precision, doubling and folding something, as if with the skilful, unwavering hand of a giant, executing a task so complex that I could scarcely help regarding the machine as a conscious being. On the other hand, the man who attended it was con-

fined to the minimum of activity and mental work. He had merely to feed the rollers from time to time. If the machine seemed alive, its human vassal seemed dead, with no more life than a stone. Instead of inquiring about the nature of the machine, I stood there shocked at what I saw. Never had man's greatness and the limits of his greatness been so clear to me. I saw a symbol of the age in the snatching, grasping, infinitely dexterous hand of the machine, of which the dull gloomy-faced creature before me was but a tool. In behalf of our age, I tried to think of toiling people at work on the Egyptian pyramids, of weeping women pounding corn, and of similar monotonous industries of antiquity. But I could not get away from the conviction that the bitterest slavery of all is man's slavery to the machine he has himself invented. It oppresses its creator and dominates even his thought with its ugly mastery. It is not comfort, nor easy work, that man desires; he is not so modest as that. To create, at least on a small scale, is his supreme aspiration, perhaps his curse. The materializing of work,—of all work and of all art,—is one of the most amazing incidents in the adventurous epic of our generation. For, in his intercourse with the enslaved

elements, whose hissing, snorting and whistling fills the great factories with such horrible hellish clamor, man undergoes an experience like that of the dwarfs, the legendary smiths and necromancers of olden times. He becomes savage, cruel, malicious, wild. He absorbs something of the fierceness, the antagonism, the irrepressible rebelliousness of these raging subject forces. After the ancient dragons had been exterminated, inventors constructed frightful new monsters whose breath is fire, whose claws tear a man to pieces. They may serve man; but they exact a stern price. Specialists may tell about the material significance of the industrial revolution; but no one can ever tell, or measure, the joy that has been destroyed in the gaining of each victory, the quiet contentment and splendid activity that has been done to death."[2]

Ruskin well says: "It is not, truly speaking, the labor that is divided, but the men:—divided into mere segments of men—broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin, or the head of

[2] *Sieg der Freude. Eine Ästhetik des praktischen Lebens,* Stuttgart, 1909, 383 f.

a nail. Now it is a good and desirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished,—sand of human soul, much to be magnified before it can be discerned for what it is,—we should think there might be some loss in it also. And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this,—that we manufacture everything there except men; we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages."[3]

To be sure, the factory and the machine are not alone responsible. A large share of responsibility must be borne by that power which pushes itself forward as the best friend, the accredited champion, yea, as the emancipator, of labor. It has a gruesome interest in preventing the worker from being happy. It makes his discontent an object of financial speculation; converts his depression and his anger into steam-power for its paddle-wheels; makes the current of his tears turn its mills. This dismal philanthropist works systematically to root up the laborer's peace,

[3] *The Stones of Venice*, II, ch. vi, § xvi.

to make him rebel against what is unavoidable. It arouses hopes that can never be realized, and continually provokes and incites to covetousness in order to destroy the last hold of religion. The inevitable consequence for all who let themselves be guided, or rather misguided by it, is the destruction of their final remnant of happiness in living and in working.

It is true that the discontent, the joylessness, of so many men makes us all suffer, that the gloomy cloud of their depression darkens the life of the whole race. "Seldom," says Foerster, "do we let ourselves appreciate how much each joy of ours is diminished by the thought of those shut out from it. Our very laughter is half stifled. Our loudest mirth is half artificial, and, in the last analysis, implies self-deception rather than spontaneous joy. Even the most superficial man falls under the blight. If his soul is not disturbed by the social contrast, still the lamentations on the street pierce his ears; he sees starving, defiant faces; he misses the look of common joy; and he is bothered about what is thought and felt underneath the surface. Man is a social being, not a dog to gnaw his bone in the corner. All his true joy is conditioned by the joy of others. For a laugh there must be deep peace of

mind and conscience; because real laughter springs out of the depths, from dried tears and broken fetters and slain selfishness. We are suspicious of our own laughter, if others remain mute; joy is a chorus. To-day we no longer know what joy really is; nor shall we ever know, until technical progress and social organization will have adjusted the great crisis caused by monstrous industrial expansion, and higher ideals of life will have come again to bless the whole human company of workers." [4]

The life of the people seems to be largely robbed of joy. Country life is now joyless; and, despite all outward glitter, life in the great cities is utterly without joy. We may think Emerson's description somewhat exaggerated, and yet we cannot help recognizing many true details in his drastic criticism: "In our large cities the population is godless, materialized,—no bond, no fellow-feeling, no enthusiasm. These are not men, but hungers, thirsts, fevers and appetites walking. How is it people manage to live on,—so aimless as they are? After their pepper-corn aims are gained, it seems as if the lime in their bones alone held them together, and not for any worthy purpose. There is no faith in the intel-

[4] *Christentum und Klassenkampf*, Zürich, 1908, 247 f.

lectual, none in the moral universe. There is faith in chemistry, in meat and wine, in wealth, in machinery, in the steam-engine, galvanic battery, turbine-wheels, sewing-machines, and in public opinion, but not in the divine causes."[5]

Change continual and uncontrolled, confinement, discomfort, crowding, lack of privacy,—all the conditions prevalent in great cities, interfere still further with that family sociability and intimacy which the spirit of the age has already so largely weakened.

"It is but a small proportion of the population of a great city which is able to maintain privacy of domestic arrangement and to train those sentiments and traditions which gather about a home. The great proportion of the city's population are industrial nomads, likely any day to fold their tents like Arabs and migrate to some better market for their labor or their wares; and, of these, a pitifully large proportion have not even tents to detain them, and herd together in the accidental companionship of the lodging-house, the tenement, and the street. . . . The Roman family had its symbol of continuity in the sacred fire, burning on the ancestral hearth; but it is not without difficulty that this sense of a sacred and

[5] *The Conduct of Life*, ch. vi.

permanent unity can be maintained round the cooking-stove of the tenement, the hot-air register of the boarding-house, or even the steam-radiator of the apartment-hotel."[6] Where this sacred fire of family union and family affection is burning, how many joys are radiating, how warm and wholesome is the atmosphere! Where it has been extinguished, how cold and inhospitable everything seems to be!

[6] *Jesus Christ and the Social Question,* by Francis Greenwood Peabody, New York, 1900, p. 164, f.

IV

TOO MANY PLEASURES AND TOO LITTLE JOY

But how is this alleged decline of joy to be reconciled with the actual multiplication of forms, kinds, occasions, contrivances and establishments of entertainment and amusement, and with the steady increase in the use of these? How does it fit in with Sunday excursions, summer-outings, mountain-trips, sports, social and festive organizations, theatres, concert-halls, cheap shows and cabarets?

The vast number of these things is really nothing but another proof that men are totally bankrupt with regard to joy. It is impossible not to be sick at heart when we observe the sort of pleasures provided for the people and the use made of them on holidays. Alcohol and lewdness are the focus of interest and the high-water mark of enjoyment. Not to set too austere a standard in this matter, let us listen to the excuse offered by Lange: "Very often, indeed, what seems to be

noisy or senseless joy in frivolous amusements is nothing but a result of immoderate, galling, and brutalising labor, since the mind, by perpetual hurrying and scurrying in the service of money-making, loses the capacity for a purer, nobler and calmly devised enjoyment. . . . That such a state of things is not healthy, and can hardly exist permanently, seems obvious." [1]

With regret rather than condemnation, we note that the kind of enjoyment which for centuries satisfied our people's need of beauty and relaxation, is too insipid for most of us nowadays. Love of nature, conversation, play, family-reading, folk-games, folk-songs mean nothing at all to the great majority of people. The nervous system, partly numb and partly over irritated, demands more elaborate amusements. Hence the reigning favorite is alcohol, that base impostor with its twofold lying promise of removing life's burdens and restoring life's strength and joy. Things have gone so far that many people now can hardly think of pleasure or a holiday, without alcohol; and take it as a matter of course that a picnic should end with general intoxica-

[1] *History of Materialism and Criticism of Its Present Importance*, by Frederick Albert Lange, Authorized Translation by Ernest Chester Thomas, Boston, 1881, vol. III, p. 238.

tion. But the bill for this must one day be paid in coin of joy and of life. After a Sunday or a holiday passed thus, the poor workman or artisan returns to the frightful monotony of his workaday existence with a heavy head, a heavier conscience, and a further deficit of strength and joy.

Not only among the lower classes, but in the higher circles also, we can verify the correctness of Hilty's observation: "Most of the happiness and still more of the gayety of the world is of no use to mature persons, except to help them for a few hours to forget what otherwise would be unendurable, and what even now, at times, fills them with deep melancholy and almost with despair. Theatres, concert-halls and other places of amusement live on this fact. It is not the thirst for pleasure, nor the artistic sense alone, that builds and supports them. The real motive for sociability and social activity is to avoid being left alone with ourselves and our thoughts. And the attraction of alcohol is so irresistible, not because it supplies pleasure to a multitude whose only aim in life is pleasure, but rather because it drives away care and is the River Lethe of the modern world. For this reason all the physical demonstrations of its harmfulness make no im-

pression on its faithful disciples. Were it universally recognized as poison, they would still take it; not because it is a delightful poison, but because it induces stupefaction. If Nietzsche ever wrote one true word, it was this, 'Not joy but joylessness is the mother of dissipation.'"[2]

Equally true is Ruskin's saying that everywhere in the world a frail barrier separates boisterous joy from dumb despair. At first, indeed, alcohol's false joy resembles true joy; the heart beats more strongly, the course of the blood quickens, the eye sparkles. But we must not forget that in addition to that circulation of the blood which bestows life-giving heat and energy, there is another kind which comes from fever and consumes life's energies.

Regarded as causes of joy, the social amusements of so-called cultured people do not deserve to be valued highly. There is too much conventional deceit, too much pretense, too much forced politeness, too much varnished merriment. "Life would be endurable but for its pleasures," is a phrase attributed to Lord Palmerston. A desire for the vacations formerly reserved exclusively to the upper classes, grows more and

[2] *Das Glück*, III, 113. The first and second series of these essays are published in English by the Macmillan Company. (Tr.)

more common among the people. The ever-spreading rush to the mountains doubtless entails many good results. It carries men away from the deadly city air to a purer atmosphere and better company, to the great sanitarium of nature, the Alpine world. Unfortunately, the more that sort of thing gets to be a fashion and a sport, the smaller is the gain in true appreciation and simple enjoyment of nature; and the greater is the danger that even the natural mountain people and the natural mountain world will be modernized, contaminated, and made unhappy. Journeys to far countries and to regions of magnificent beauty will make many a person blasé and irresponsive to the appeal of nature's simpler scenes, and to the peculiar charm always possessed by one's native land when visited with affection.

Walter shows clearly the unnatural relation of modern man to nature: "There is now a state of absolute divorce between culture and nature. Great cities of vast extent, with monstrous piles of masonry and congested populations, make communion with nature impossible. Life and labor develop within the walls of the workshop, the cramped dwelling, the office, the school. The city child is but a hot-house plant, not so much a

child as a human being matured by artificial methods. Man cannot with impunity hold aloof from the pleasures nature provides; if he possesses no power of enjoying nature, he is to be pitied.

"The true relationship with nature has been completely lost. Educated men no longer know how to commune with nature. Trustful, brotherly, common life has disappeared, and esteem for the blessings and gifts of nature has in great measure passed away. When, for a few hours or days, the city-dweller breaks loose from his dusty prison, he hurls himself on nature like a savage; he comes down like a barbarian on the blossoming trees and shining corn-fields to plunder them. An excursion of city people often resembles a raid to sack and pillage the country. The excursionists fall into a sort of intoxication, the very opposite of real delight in nature. It is a sure proof of their alienation from what is natural. Look at them coming home after their day's outing, laden with flowers and leaves and blossoms, trying to satisfy their craving for nature by carrying some of her charms back into their dwellings, but with never a thought of the ravished fields." [3]

[3] *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, vom 12 Jul; 1908.

V

JOY AND ART

There are certain elements of culture adapted and destined to beautify life and lift it above the common wretched level. Even these fail us miserably in our present battle for joy. It is so, for instance, with all the various forms and branches of art.

Certainly it is not to be reckoned among the merits of the art and literature of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries that so many of the masters and the productions have helped to diminish rather than increase joy; that they have missed their supreme vocation, namely, to gladden human hearts and to create the sunshine of life. To-day this vocation is largely repudiated. According to modern æsthetics, art must be without purpose, or rather must be a purpose unto itself. It seems utterly useless to dispute about this shadowy phantom, the purposelessness of art. That it can still haunt us only shows how far away from life art has gone. For this theory

of the purposelessness of art is not born of actual experience, nor sprung of any ardent creative artistic spirit. It is a mere empty abstraction fashioned in the bloodless brains of theorists and doctrinaires; and it will go out of vogue far more quickly than it came in.

The real master spirits, recognized even by the modern world, have a very different conception of the purpose of art. Years ago Goethe lamented that in literature "high aims, genuine love for the true and the fair, and the desire of diffusing them are all absent."[1] What would he say of an art and a literature that positively disavow all such aims? The advocates of purposelessness are opposed by Schiller who in the Introduction to the *Bride of Messina,* when discussing the use of the chorus in tragedy, lays down this principle: "All art is dedicated to joy, nor is there any higher or nobler task than to make men happy. That alone is true art which affords the highest delight. But the soul's highest delight is found in the free exercise of all its powers. . . . Serious, and yet disagreeable, is the impression made on us by poets and artists who merely reproduce material realities;

[1] Eckermann, *Conversations with Goethe,* Translated by S. M. Fuller, Boston and Cambridge, 1852, p. 152.

we feel ourselves painfully thrust back among the petty, common things by the very art which ought to liberate us."

In one of Haydn's letters we read, "Often, when struggling with obstacles opposed to my works—often when strength failed me and it was difficult for me to persevere in the course upon which I had entered—a secret feeling whispered to me, 'there are so few joyful and contented people here below; everywhere there is trouble and care; perchance your labor sometime may be the source from which those burdened with care may derive a moment's relief.' "[2] Sentiments like these are worth much more than declamation about art's being a purpose to itself; they honor the artist and help the people; and they surely further the cause of true art.

Although the aim of art is to make people cheerful and happy, neither in Schiller's mind nor in ours is the field of art restricted to the bright and joyful things of life, excluding all serious themes and tragic materials. All we demand is this, that when art does turn to the seamy side of life, when it affirms something serious or reproduces something terrible, when it paints

[2] *Life of Haydn*, by Louis Nohl, Translated from the German by George P. Upton, Chicago, 1883, p. 181.

gloomy things in dark colors, or even dips its brush in blood, it must not altogether omit the encouraging stroke, the explaining word, the saving thought, which liberate, quicken, enrich and cheer the soul of listener and spectator. An art which has lost all sense of this duty and rejects these demands as beneath it, will never be a blessing to mankind and will never find its way into the heart of the people. Feeble, decadent, shut out from every living, pulsating interest, it will remain sitting on the lonely perch of its own aimlessness.

True, to-day we have also that kind of art which uplifts and gladdens. It is the noble friend and helper of worried humanity, of the afflicted people. Religious art, which is especially destined and equipped to fulfil this function, never wholly dies out. Even at the present time, despite the unfavorable conditions of life, it achieves great things. A literature also, which is essentially Christian and fears not the dread reproach of having some definite object or "tendency," has acquired a good modern technique, at the same time excluding everything unhealthy in sentiment or expression, and is favoring us constantly with delightful gifts. Modern painting has done much to nourish and stimulate appreciа-

tion and love of nature. Landscape painting is its darling child. The whole drift of the age, the rapid advance of the natural sciences, the sharpening of men's powers of observation, the improvement in technique, the finer sense of color, —all these influences urge in the same direction. No longer does the painter look for what is interesting or vast in nature; he prefers what is insignificant, obscure, austere, or crude. He likes to awaken men to a recognition of the modest charms and latent poetry of plains and meadows, fields frozen and hushed under ice and snow, meads bathed in noonday light, shining stretches of water, woods shot through with straying sunbeams, drifting morning clouds and thickening twilight,—and so to do is, in the highest degree, good and praiseworthy.

Modern architecture too, gives a good sign in its refusal to be concerned exclusively with monster constructions, in its manifestation of sincere and enthusiastic interest in the problem of building real homesteads and thus promoting healthy and happy family life.

These efforts should be encouraged by every possible means. Away with the superstition that comfortable homes are the privilege of the rich and must be bought at a great price. How taste-

less, uncomfortable, and cheerless is many an aristocratic dwelling; how homelike and inviting many a peasant's cottage in the Black Forest, the Algäu, or the Tyrol! For the making of a comfortable, pleasant family home, where joy will reside as a willing guest, there is required only that simplicity and natural fitness which of themselves make beauty. The great secret is the careful adjustment of the living rooms; the furniture may be ever so plain, if only harmonious and well placed. No! homes do not need to be palaces that joy may dwell therein. In how many palaces is joy only a fleeting guest!

Nor must we esteem lightly the progress made by the reproductive arts. By their aid what is fairest and best of the creations of every epoch becomes the common property of all, in the form of copies fully as beautiful as the originals. This helps us to forget the poverty of present-day art and also to a certain extent makes up its deficit of joy.

Well may we use these gifts from the art treasures of the past, for strictly modern art and literature offer very little that is pleasant. Mediæval art was warm and pure, gay with color and with youth, deep of soul and popular. To-day, art is often so frigid, unclean, stale, insipid, that,

in Goethe's words, it sickens the soul. Everybody has heard about the ejaculation made by some visitor to a modern exhibition of paintings: "Oh, that my eyes could vomit!"

We are, of course, leaving wholly out of consideration that kind of art and literature which, as with Circe's magic wand, brutalizes all who frequent its company; which serves up in silver platters, not merely what Goethe calls "potatoes," but the husks of swine; which, in obedience to a perverted instinct, cultivates the horrible, the vicious, the bestial, and covers all that is great and holy with its loathsome slime; which in the words of a modern æsthete, "likes to root around in moral misery and takes special delight in sniffing out with abnormally developed nose the different kinds and varieties of moral stenches."[3] This sort of art destroys not only joy, but the very soul itself. It tempts thousands to look and read themselves to death. Such art is a crime against the human race; it is murderous. The pens that serve it are doing the work of hell. *Calamus calamitatum auctor!*

But even those among modern artists who are free from such fatal tendencies, destroy much joy by their crass realism, their pessimism, their

[3] Volkelt, *Ästhetische Zeitfragen*, München, 1895.

fatalism. True, there is some justification for realism in its improved sense of actuality, its honesty, its sincerity. It is better than an affected, insincere, studied kind of art. But realism becomes unhealthy and perverse, if it regards as most real the things which are vile and common and ugly,—the scum of life,—and lives and works for them alone. Is human life real only when base and vile, but not when good and noble? "To be sincere, must one be brutal, fleshly, cynical? Is the scum of life real and not its deeper waters? Is the mud real and not the star? Is there, in a word, any fundamental issue between the real and the ideal; or is the ideal the most real of human possessions, and are the best interpreters of reality the idealists?"[4] The people in their thinking, feeling and willing, combine realism and idealism, and only by an art which knows how to combine these, can men be satisfied, instructed, and uplifted.

Goethe, in his day, coined a good name for a certain school of poetry. He called it "hospital-poetry" and said:

"All the poets write as if they were sick, and

[4] Francis G. Peabody, *Jesus Christ and the Christian Character*, New York, 1905, p. 224.

the whole world a lazaretto. All speak of the miseries of this life, and the joys of the other; and each malcontent excites still greater dissatisfaction in his neighbors. This is a sad abuse of poetry, which was given us to smooth away the rough places of life, and make man satisfied with the world and his situation. The present generation fears all genuine power, and is only at home and poetical amid weakness." [5]

How well Goethe anticipated that typically modern tendency of art and literature to "dance dolefully around a little mound of misery," to gloat over the nastiest and filthiest scenes, to rave enthusiastically about the dull, the inane, the commonplace,—and thus to waste and weaken the life of men and nations. Goethe was right. Those who probe pitilessly into misery and pose as supermen are the poorest heroes of all. They are weaklings, incapable of helping either themselves or others. Nietzsche gave out this fine phrase: "Cast not the hero in thy soul away," but unfortunately he did not follow his own advice, and his disciples are still less faithful to it.

The people can get little joy from an art which is contemptuously indifferent as to subjects chosen and means employed, and concerns itself

[5] Eckermann, *Conversations with Goethe*, p. 236.

solely about form and technique. The people will not be satisfied with mere artistic form, nor interested in painters' experiments and delicate questions of light-effects. Their eyes are too normal, their palate is too natural, their taste is too unspoiled, for that. They want an art with a spiritual content, an art offering something not only to the eye, but to the heart as well. The art of a people must be based upon moral and spiritual principles, not on mere color values and illusions.

Much is made of the democratic tendency of art and many believe that by means of it, art and true appreciation of art will again find a way to the heart of the people. To be sure, art is not to be reproached for devoting itself to the fourth estate, to the machinist, the plowman, the proletarian, any more than fiction is to be reproached when it leaves the salon for the workshop and the peasant's hut. Human life is full of interest always, and not only when it rustles in silken garments, glides over polished floors, envelops itself in perfumes and lives upon oysters and champagne. Yet everything depends upon the purpose of art in attempting to get down to the common people. If it aims to exploit misery, hunger, and filth, as a novel means for the stimu-

lation of dulled nerves, it scarcely deserves praise. If it aims to raise the prevalent discontent to a higher pitch, to stir up hate and jealousy, it acts criminally; it becomes a socialistic agitator, a dangerous anarchist. If, like a guardian angel, it descends to console, to uplift, to gladden, then it is really doing a great good work.

It is able to do this, only when it takes to heart Leonardo's words, "There can be no great art without a true love of man." Art must love the people, and its love must be founded upon respect for them, upon knowledge of their worth and significance. This might be learned even from Goethe who says of the peasantry: "Our peasants have always retained a goodly amount of strength; and we may hope that for a long time to come, they will be able not only to provide us with sturdy troopers, but also to preserve us (and joy) from utter decay and ruin. We may look upon them as a reserve for the continual renewing and refreshing of mankind's declining strength. But a visit to the great cities will give one very different feelings."[6] When modern art chooses epileptics, consumptives and drunkards as its heroes, introducing them into novels and upon the stage, and immortalizing them

[6] *Gespräche mit Eckermann*, 552.

on canvas, it is showing neither respect nor affection for the people. Surely that is not the way to make men healthier and happier. Quite rightly Lorenz Krapp points out the very different path followed by folk poetry: "Throughout the folk-song, it is kings and heroes, gentle ladies and daring warriors, dying princes, youths and maidens, who march along, making merry in the sunshine of the May."[7] The people are more delighted and uplifted by this kind of art than by that which vulgarizes their life and paints for them exaggerated pictures of their own misery. The attempt to bring art back to the people is certainly praiseworthy. But unfortunately modern efforts to achieve this, have usually proceeded from men with no adequate idea of the people's needs. To inject a charge of carbonic gas into an artistic beverage is not enough to make it popular.

The people's poverty in art and appreciation of art is most clearly shown by the present drying up of the fountain of folk-song which once spontaneously bubbled up out of the popular life.

[7] *Gottesminne*, 1905, 201.

VI

JOY AND THE FOLK-SONG

The Folk-song! The press has been disputing as to whether or not it is still alive. Quite dead indeed, it is not; for it can never wholly die. But that it is no longer what it was, that at present it exists in a way which by contrast might be called death, nobody will deny. True, the people still sing,—especially the Christian people when at church. There the folk-song is still alive. There it is always busily occupied, weaving the highest and noblest kind of joy into the people's lives, by means of soulful music, an old heritage of verse, melodies and harmonies that display the road to heaven.

On other occasions, too, the people still do some singing, but so seldom and so poorly, that it sounds like their swan-song. They still sing now and then, in the country, in the woods and fields, on Sundays, and at household tasks; but, outside of this, almost never, except in saloons, at recruiting stations, and in the army. They no

longer sing the folk-songs that we heard thirty or forty years ago. Now, we hear only coarse drinking songs and obscene rhymes that voice not the soul of a people but the mad spirit of alcohol, songs composed of mingled foolishness and lust, street-songs, the latest melodies, arias picked up in music-halls and low theatres,—all these repeated over and over again to the point of nausea and then cast aside for others still more banal and lascivious, if possible. Speaking of the songs sung by recruits and soldiers, a prominent newspaper recently observed: "Many of them not only border on vulgarity, but are essentially vulgar."

How do the people sing nowadays? Often with such shocking crudeness and nearly always with such unspeakable sadness, that one's heart is torn with pity and sympathy for the poor sick soul of the people thus unconsciously voicing its pain. True, there was always a strain of melancholy in the German folk-song, owing, as Foerster observes, to the fact that the soul of the people, with its simple outlook, interprets life more deeply and truly than so-called educated men are able to do.[1] But the pathos of the old folk-song was quite different from this present sadness. It burst out of the depths of the soul, ran gaily up

[1] *Jugendlehre*, 55.

the scale, readily embraced wit and joy and broke gladly into laughter. It gave the over-burdened the relief of song and admonished merry folk to be discreet lest joy should be changed into sorrow.

The melancholy remnant of the folk-song lacks both proper gravity and wit. "What has happened to the German laugh?" asks Ernst v. Wildenbruch. "Germany was once a merry land and Germans could laugh as heartily as other races,—aye, more loudly than any. What has become of it all? The guffaw of the great city applauding imported stage-wit, drowns out the laugh of the German people. What with the poorhouse smell of our naturalistic social writings, and the very offensive odor emanating from our modern feminist literature, the laugh has vanished from the face of Germany. Furrows and wrinkles have come that used to be unknown, hiding-places of depression, anxiety, weariness. Oh! if he would but waken once again, that loud-laughing carl, the German wag! So that our people might grow glad laughing at themselves; that they might laugh themselves back to health; that they might laugh out of their souls all sulkiness and contention and bitterness and irritability; that once again they

might look out upon the world with dancing eyes!"

Death has overtaken that folk-song which once accompanied every footstep of the German people, the comrade of their journeys, and the tent-mate of their travels, their jolly friend in company and amusements, their comforter in time of trouble, and especially their trusted partner and tried helper in daily work. In this last respect above all, singing assisted wonderfully to permeate life with joy and to lighten the yoke of labor. Extremely interesting researches have lately shown that work and play and art were all originally combined in a single phase of human activity, the three being bound together with pleasure-giving rhythm as in poetry, music, dancing. This alliance of work and rhythm lasted down through the centuries, contributing to the well-being of the people and the general spread of joy. It received the blessing of Christianity which from the beginning intertwined with labor "psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles" according to the admonition of the apostle.[2]

"The discovery of numberless facts," says K. Bücher, "has reconstructed in the depths of human history a submerged world,—the world of

[2] *Eph.* v. 18 ff.

cheerful labor. The economist who for the first time sets foot in this world, rubs his eyes incredulously, for he seems to have been transported by a miracle into the Utopia described in political romances. Here labor is not a burden, not a hard lot, not a marketable merchandise; it is not organized by cold calculation. The further he goes in this new world, the more astonished he becomes. Everywhere play and pleasure, song and glad shouting, sociability and coöperation,—a sort of economic child-life."[3]

But nowadays, he continues, the world of cheerful labor is largely submerged in the sea of culture, like an ancient continent covered by the ocean. Here and there among us some lonely island rock may still lift its head; but it is only amid the backward peoples that any considerable stretch of land remains to be seen. The restlessness and hurry of our life, the chaining of so great a part of human labor to machines, confinement in the factory and many another cause have banished the folk-song from the realm of labor. "Of what avail is the human voice against whirring wheels and buzzing transmitters

[3] *Arbeit und Rhythmus* 4 (1909); Nägele, *Ueber Arbeits lieder bei Johannes Chrysostomus* (Berichte der philol.-histor. Klasse der kgl. sächs. Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften, Leipzig, 1905).

and all the indescribable noises that fill the average workroom, making comfort impossible?"[4]

We must be careful not to underrate the gravity of our loss of the folk-song. What we have really lost in it and with it, is clearly demonstrated by the thorough, yet delicately sympathetic, researches of Otto Bökel. One must be either very cynical or very superficial, if one can perceive in the folk-song nothing more than a naïve form of popular entertainment, or poetry of too low a form to be quite consistent with high culture. One who looks deeper will discover in it the genius of a people. No less an authority than Goethe rated the poetic content of folk-song highly; and its moral, disciplinary, and educational value is greater still. Welling up out of the depths of the people's life, it reacts in turn upon them with elemental force, charming, startling, freeing, uplifting, gladdening them. It is pervaded by a healthy optimism. Even when dominated by melancholy and sadness, it still attempts to light up the darker side of existence and to resolve life's discords into harmony.[5] It contains a powerful religious element; and through its warp are woven the strong threads

[4] *Op. cit.*, 439.

[5] *Psychologie der Volksdichtung*, Leipzig, 1906.

of a pure and healthy moral sense. Faith and trust in God, joy in work, love of country, home-love, mother-love, family affection, conjugal devotion, are its rich, dominant notes; and like an undertone is heard the laugh of humor and rippling merriment.

Itself a child of nature, the folk-song draws its best inspiration from nature. It plunges into nature whole-heartedly; learns the words and notes that conjure up natural beauties and joys and fears; and brings these close to the people's heart. "In folk-poetry the descriptions of nature are almost always brief, but delicately shaded. They include only what is essential. The children of nature live and move in what surrounds them and they have no need of detailed descriptions. The poet may safely assume that a few bold strokes will make his picture live in the souls of his hearers and his fellow-singers. Hence the beauty of the nature-scenes in a folk-song can be appreciated fully only by those whose souls are on the same plane as the singer's. He who cannot give himself up with perfect sympathy to the enjoyment of flashing sunbeams or of colors playing upon a cloud, who never feels his soul overflow with ecstasy at the song of birds and the fragrance of flowers, is not one of the

elect to whom the full charm of folk-poetry will be disclosed. He will never be able to see the perfect beauty of living nature in the delicately outlined descriptions."[6]

There is still another characteristic of the folk-song, namely, its persistence, its almost indestructible vitality. Even amid the most unfavorable circumstances, it yields only slowly, step by step. When despised and persecuted, it withdraws by degrees, farther and farther,—first from town to country, and then still farther into the hills. If rejected by adults, it will still, for a long time, find a refuge among children. It survives wars and catastrophes, and, century after century, renews its youth.

Why is it dying out now? Nothing short of a radical transformation of the world could have brought it to the point of death. The fact is there are no longer any natural folk; and this is why there is no longer any folk-song. Culture knows only artistic poetry. "The folk-song loves the still nooks where peace and quiet reign. The noisy new age frightens it away into solitude. As the elves of old fled at the sound of a bell, so the folk-song vanishes before the steam of the locomotive and the smoke of the factory

[6] *Ibid.*, 234.

chimney. The old native folk-song is scared away by advancing culture. Here and there, a stray child of the folk-muse, like a frightened fawn, with startled eyes, looks out from some thicket at the wonderfully changed world, smoky, noisy, never resting. But with this occasional exception, the folk-song has disappeared from the world."[7]

According to Bökel, this disappearance indicates a slow decay of the people's soul and leaves a lack which cannot be filled with all the goods that culture brings. He thinks, however, that it may be possible for us to restore the vanishing folk-song. Can it ever be revived to perfect health? We must not rely too much on recent loud appeals to "Save the Folk-song!",[8] nor on Folk-song Associations, nor on the cultivation of the folk-song by the schools and singing societies which for so long a time so loftily ignored it. The evil is now too deeply rooted. In the modern world the folk-song has as many enemies as the song-bird.

Unquestionably, there is here a relation of cause and effect. With the death of the folk-

[7] *Ibid.*, 416.

[8] H. Eschelbach, *Rettet das Volklied,* Berlin; and *Der Niedergang des Volksgesanges,* Neuwied.

song, there disappears from the life of the people a considerable portion of their joy; and, in the measure that joy goes out of the people's life, the folk-song decays. With the folk-song will disappear folk-poetry, for they live and die together.

At the flame of the song the heart of the hearer was kindled,
At the heart of the hearer nourished the singer his flame;
Nourished and purified it. Happiest he of all singers,
To whom in the voice of the people clear echoed the soul of his song.[9]

[9] Schiller, *Die Sänger der Vorwelt.*

VII

JOY AND YOUTH

And now we must set down the saddest fact of all,—that joy is lacking even among children and young people, among those to whom it has always been conceded as a right and to whom it is as necessary as daily bread, as necessary as sunlight is to the flower or pollen to the bee.

We can present no statistical evidence of this. But it is well known to all who are in the slightest degree familiar with child-psychology, who even half notice the movements of the child's little world, who know how to read the faces of children and the eyes of young people. Anyone whose heart is open to the little ones finds cause for deep distress in the recent rapid spread among them of precocious cynicism, bitterness, discontent, coarseness, boldness and vulgarity, far beyond their years, of misdeeds and crimes and even of suicide. At the same time we find that the sunny merriment and the cheerfulness

which radiate from eye to eye and from heart to heart, are distressingly rare.

But frankly now, can this be wondered at, when even the family,—the cell of the social organism, in both State and Church,—has begun to disintegrate, and multitudes of poor children are deprived of their protecting refuge and their garden of joy! Hundreds of poor mothers,—and the mother must be considered first when there is question of the child's joy,—have now no time for their children; they must be at the factory. Hundreds of rich mothers have now no time for their children; they must discharge their tedious "social duties," they must take part in public life, deliver addresses at conventions and the like. Poor children of the factory-workman and his wife! Poor children of the modern, emancipated, speech-making, book-writing mother! Poor city children, into whose life there falls no ray of heaven's sunshine, no ray of the sunshine of joy; who are acquainted only with the joys picked up in the filthy gutters and sewers of sin!

After a babyhood empty of joy, or nearly so, the little citizen enters school, where he finds another world hardly richer in happiness. The modern school, especially the public school, is

the apple of our eye, the petted darling of society. To express any doubt as to its perfection, to oppose its development, is looked upon as treason, as a crime, an infamy. And yet, of late, the opponents of modern education have been growing more numerous and they do not all come from the camp of the "reactionary" Catholics.

In his book *Jugendlehre,* which circulated so rapidly throughout all Germany, F. W. Foerster starts from the thesis that the modern school is a replica of modern life, reproducing its defects and faults. In the old days the central interest of education was a Christian training and everything else was subordinated to that. In the modern school, there is no such unity, no such conscious coöperation in the building up of character, for the reason that we are still under the spell of the great eighteenth-century illusion that popular education necessarily entails popular morality, that moral culture is a by-product of intellectual enlightenment. "Whoever is familiar with life, knows how little of real culture resides in mere knowledge, aye, that growth in mere knowledge may hurt us, may puff us up, unless it is early subordinated to growth in character. True culture depends not on what a man knows, but on the result of his knowing, on the connec-

tion between his knowledge and the highest and greatest goods of life. It is not the fact that a man can read and write, but the thing he reads and the thing he writes which counts. The school that teaches reading and writing must also look after the cultivation of the inner man, lest the acquisition of mere intellectual skill leave no room for thorough culture."[1] The Church's distrust of modern methods of popular education is easily understood; nor is that distrust to be allayed by sneering at "reactionary influences" and eulogizing so-called enlightenment. It would be more accurate to qualify as reactionary those influences which set back the development of our hearts and wills for the sake of advancing us in mere knowledge and power.[2]

Still sharper is the criticism of Hilty in his widely read book *Glück*. "In the matter of education," he says, "our day of reckoning will surely come. Let us but ask, 'What does the school give nowadays, and what does it take away?' It takes away a very large part of our happy youth and our physical freshness; it takes away our childish faith and our natural freedom. It gives us our first contact with wicked men and

[1] *Jugendlehre*, 6 f. [2] *Ibid.*, 8.

vicious conditions. It destroys, as far as it can, all predisposition to originality or genius. It teaches us a mass of stuff not only totally useless for later life, but often false as well. . . . It gives, in return, a certain amount of necessary and useful knowledge, a practically useful familiarity with other individuals and groups, and—when all goes well—a permanent inclination towards some particular science."[3]

Sharp criticism, this,—in some respects, perhaps, too sharp! The gravest charges do not apply to our denominational schools. The writer apparently values too lightly, or regards as exceptional, those good influences which in a properly organized school surround and control the child, those opportunities of forming soul and spirit which even to-day are open to a zealous and pious catechist, a teacher whose heart is in the right place.

But it is certainly true that, so long as the disastrous over-valuing of knowledge and undervaluing of character and will, dominate the field of education; so long as we go packing more and more knowledge into the curriculum of the public school; so long as what Ruskin calls "the madness of the modern cram and examination

[3] p. 285.

system"[4] everywhere prevails; there will be great danger of the pupil's coming to regard intellect and knowledge as supremely important, and heart and character as of little worth. The former will absorb the best energy and time and care of the school. Should the so-called progressive movement which is, in fact, a most ignominious retrogression, succeed in banishing religion entirely from the schools, the evil consequences of the kind above referred to will be simply frightful. All this, of course, also menaces the child's joy, which is a thing of the heart and cannot strike deep root except in a good character.

Joy is likewise menaced when teachers and educators,—we hope the case is rare, but it does sometimes occur,—are under the illusion that the rod is the magic wand of pedagogy; when they are, first of all, masters in the art of flogging; when the teacher at school and the parent at home enter into whipping contests. For joy might be flogged entirely out of hundreds of childish hearts and out of whole generations of children; the joy of learning, the enthusiasm of youth, the strength of will and, in a word, every good impulse might be beaten to death, so that nothing

[4] *Fors Clavigera.*

but insolence and anger and spite and meanness and vulgarity would live any longer in the child. "Education" of this sort must be classed among the sins that cry to heaven for vengeance; it ranks with oppression of the poor, the helpless, the defenceless. Indeed, the cries raised by those maltreated children against their torturers will ascend to heaven and be heard by their Heavenly Father. He will one day make these joy-killers aware that their stewardship of authority does not justify the brutal use of their superior strength; that they ought to cherish and nourish the young tree and bring it to a happy development, and not foolishly beat it until the last blossom of joy has been hacked off.

We are not opposed to reasonable strictness, nor to the exercise of the right of chastisement, when chastisement is dictated and controlled by reason and affection. We are not partisans, but avowed antagonists, of slack training, careless discipline, unmanly softness; and we regard these things as contributing to the decrease of joy in the children's world. It is a true saying: "Life would be far happier if it were taken more seriously, especially in youth." We agree perfectly with Foerster "the best preparation for a joyful life is to be found in that strength of

character, that love of sacrifice, that habit of self-control, which enable us bravely to endure seasons of sadness or a life that is empty of joy and filled with misfortunes and privations."[5] For life is serious, its conditions are hard, and the modern struggle for existence often becomes brutal. Therefore conscientious education is that which forms strong characters, not that which sends out into the world soft, sensitive, delicate creatures who go straightway down to their ruin, or else are for the first time hammered into hardness by painful experience.[6]

We must also be grateful to Friedrich Paulsen that, in his latest publication,[7] he has spoken sharply against the effeminate tendency of modern pedagogy, and also against the foolish attempt to bring joy back into the school by making pleasure the sole motive of learning. He advocates a return to "the strenuous education" of earlier days and to the three great imperatives: Learn Obedience; Learn Hard Work; Learn Self-denial.

It is precisely for joy's sake, that we do not exclude, but rather insist upon, seriousness, dis-

[5] *Jugendlehre*, 146.

[6] *Tunsione plurima*, "with much hammering," is the phrase of the hymn *Coelestis Urbs Jerusalem*.

[7] *Moderne Erziehung und geschlechtliche Sittlichkeit*, 83 ff.

cipline, order, and effort on the part of children, whether at home or at school. Yet, on the other hand, we are certainly not of the opinion that bodily punishment is the only means to this end, or that it is indispensable. By nature, it is a disciplinary means which may have both good and bad effects—good, if rarely used, bad, if it becomes a regular part of the routine. Even when the children are exceptionally undisciplined and perverse, the constant use of punishment is still unjustifiable, if for no other reason than because its very frequency renders it ineffectual and changes the dispositions of the child from bad to worse.

Punishment must always be correlated with joy; the sunshine fructifies what wind and rain have cleansed and softened. Jean Paul's phrase does honor to his heart: "Oh! Away with the tears of children; long rains do so much harm to the blossoms." He refers to the happy nature of children, which makes them soon ready again for joy even after severe punishment. "Thank God!" he says, "the child's memory is poorer for suffering than for joy. Were it otherwise, a long series of punishments would girdle the little creature with a chain of thistles. As it is, however, the child can be made happy over and over

again, as many as twenty times, in one unlucky day."

He who has only the rod of pain and not also the rod of gentleness, had better not try to wield the first. With it alone he will never do good. That teacher or educator, deserves the palm and is worthy of all honor, who with a glance of the eye, a change of tone, an uplifted finger,—a purely psycho-physical means of warning and of punishing,—can hold his little flock in discipline and order, without destroying their joy and confidence. Here upon earth, a tear is lurking in the eye of every joy. But then again a smile of joy follows each tear, and without fail, must follow every tear that happens to be caused by the teacher. A ray of love will make such tears sparkle so that they will seem to be not a misfortune but one of life's best prizes.

VIII

JOY AND CHRISTIANITY

We have recorded the heavy deficit of joy on the balance-sheet of modern culture. Now comes the question, "What causes this deficit?" Various contributory causes we have already indicated; but the principal cause still remains to be named. As a matter of fact the chief cause is the irreligious, unchristian Spirit of the Age. This Spirit is the sworn enemy and assassin of joy. It sets up the intellect as a tyrant to oppress the heart and soul. It tries to banish faith from the people's hearts,[1] although faith emancipates and makes them happy as nothing else can. Doubt saddens us and unbelief makes us wretched. Even Friedrich Strauss, in his letters, admits that man gets along better with faith than without it. This Spirit of the Age destroys the innocence of the soul and hence all true joy. It tries to disrupt the union of the

[1] The heart will he of all its wealth deprive,
Make war on Fancy, nor let Faith survive.—*Schiller.*

soul with God; and without God there can be no real joy in life. It chills the heart and withers it up with selfishness, emptying it of love and, consequently, of joy. It leads man to keep ever circling and circling about his own petty self as a centre, and this brings on giddiness, vertigo and finally nausea.

This Spirit of the Age is a great liar and impostor. It pretends that modern and material improvements will lead men to happiness and joy. And yet, as Carlyle forcibly puts it, all the ministers of finance and all the reformers of modern Europe together, could not make one bootblack happy, or at most could not make him happy for more than a couple of hours. The Spirit of the Age promises that it will open up new worlds of joy and, as if by magic, create numberless new pleasures in the life of man, by giving free rein to the instincts, provoking and spurring on lust, opening the road for the passions, and licensing vice. The real consequence however is ruin of both soul and body, a disturbing and shattering of the entire nervous system, the loss of strength to act and to endure, weariness instead of joy in living, pessimism, fatalism, and suicide. The Spirit of the Age is indeed the chief enemy of joy. All other virus, or

poison, can be easily overcome by the antidote of a strong healthy Christian sense but, once infected by the Zeitgeist, we are lost.

Therefore, the only possible solution is the one which always gives the modern world nervous spasms and drives it into mental convulsions: "We must go back to Christian faith, back to healthy folk-life, to religious earnestness, to humility and simplicity of heart, to plain, noble, pure habits of thought, to religion, to the Church, to Christ."

We cannot dispense with this "Go Back!" for the reason that absolutely no other power can hold in check the enemies who under the leadership of the Spirit of the Age, their commander-in-chief, are invading and devastating the world of joy. This same power achieves still more. It constructs deep coffers around every one of nature's sweet sources of joy so as to exclude all poisonous seepage, and, on its own higher level, it opens up numberless supernatural springs of joy.

"A crucified man!—A fine God of Joy, forsooth!" "Self-crucifixion!—Truly a delightful path to joy!" Thus sneers the anti-Christian world. In these recent years we frequently encounter the same old pagan attacks with which

Herder, Goethe, and Schiller were familiar. Again are free spirits, like Heine, impelled "to take up arms for the old gods and their good ambrosial law" against "the wan Christ with his bleeding savior-hands," against "the pale Galilean who delights in the whimpering over bliss destroyed,"[2] against "the enemy of joy with his bloodless hands,"[3] against "the symbol of the negation of life" and "the blaspheming of life."[4] Men are still mourning the paradise of joy that vanished with the mythology of ancient Greece. "When the gods were still guiding the fair world in the sweet leading-strings of joy, how different, oh! how different, all was then!"

But historical researches have destroyed this myth of the Hellenic paradise. Greece's art, its noblest possession, supreme in harmony and symmetry, speaks not of joy and pleasure only, but also of tearful suffering and of tragic woe,—witness the farewell scenes upon the tombstones. In the last analysis Greek art was a song of sorrow. During the archaic age, its monuments were tombs or sepulchral decorations. It is no Olympian mirth that laughs at us from antiquity. In the endeavor to be happy there was produced

[2] Ibsen. [3] Anatole France. [4] Nietzsche.

only a wild, noisy laughter with a boisterousness evidently intended to conceal deep-lying pain. Ancient art vanishes with a song of sorrow, in the tomb sculpture of the first Christian century.[5] According to one of the men most familiar with antiquity, "The Greeks amid the splendor of art and in the highest enjoyment of liberty, were more unhappy than is generally supposed."[6]

The cross with its stern lines,—a cold, bare, branchless tree with rough-hewn stumps for arms,—is indeed at first sight a sad and joyless thing to look at, so true an image is it of harsh contradiction, so good a symbol of bitter pain. Yet men find that the cross possesses a certain beauty. In its sturdy clear-cut, well-proportioned form they see a picture of steadfastness, of aspiring effort, of opposition conquered and contradictories reconciled. The sight of a man hanging in agony upon the cross arouses, at first, no sense of joy, it is true. Yet there is a well-spring of joy in the sure faith, that the Divine Hero bleeding on the cross is dying in battle against the fiercest foe of joy and of salvation,

[5] *Der Gral*, 1907, 145 f.

[6] Boeckh, *The Public Economy of the Athenians*, Translated by Anthony Lamb, Boston, 1857, p. 787; Schneider, *Das Andere Leben*, 10th ed., Paderborn, 1909, 62 ff.

and conquering as He dies. The cross becomes the symbol of victory and thereby the symbol of joy. Darkness and gloom are dispelled and everywhere is shed the glory of the resurrection. In its light, the tree of the cross becomes the tree of life, of resistless power; the dried trunk is clothed with blossoms and fruit; and out of the crown of thorns spring forth roses.

Thus also is it with the cross and the crucifixion in the life of each individual Christian. That a man should take up his cross daily [7]; that he should not only bear his cross, but crucify the flesh, the old man [8]—these are not forced figures of speech, but stern demands which certainly do seem likely to lead far away from joy. Yet the battle to which they summon is waged not against joy, but against joy's worst enemies. The cross obliges us to renounce the apples of Sodom, the wild cherries of sin, which are really no joys at all, but it does not demand a total renunciation of legitimate natural joys; it only insists that they be used in moderation and with a good intention. This much would be required not by Christian morality alone, but by reason and health as well. Excessive enjoyment always be-

[7] *St. Luke* ix, 23.
[8] *Galatians* v, 24; *Romans* vi, 6.

gets disgust. Unrestricted activity and gratification of the sensual instincts does not add to the sum of joy, but ruins both joy and the man; it sins not only against morality but against hygiene, which is to-day sometimes regarded as the supreme standard. A life "beyond good and evil"—to use Nietzsche's phrase,—unscrupulous poaching, complete loosing of the wild, natural instincts, whose advocate, protector and prophet Nietzsche was unwillingly degraded into becoming by his less worthy disciples, the freeing of "the beast of prey within man, the fair, ravening, blond beast, lusting for prey and conquest," —all this does not enrich, gladden, deepen, nor sweeten life. It delivers life over to the most wretched languor, to the hospital, the madhouse, to suicide,—"those graves of lust"[9] so numerous in the world to-day.

Such is the lesson of experience. It can almost be demonstrated statistically, although the great, sinful, deceitful world will not believe it, nor admit it. Austere Christian morality, the commandment of self-conquest, temperance, mortification, moderation, fasting, do not interfere with happiness. They are really no more hostile to joy than the gardener is hostile to the

[9] *Numbers* xi, 34.

rose, when in spring and autumn he cuts and trims the bush.

Foerster [10] gives two excellent quotations from Tolstoi and Matthias Claudius: "Neither the Christian nor the heathen," says Tolstoi, "can start the work of perfection anywhere except at the beginning, namely, in the practice of temperance. . . . Temperance is the first stage of a good life and it can be reached only step by step. Temperance is emancipation from one's lusts. But man has many lusts, and to wage effectual war, he must begin with the fundamentals, gluttony, sloth, sensuality." And Matthias Claudius observes: "Many men condemn fasting, but it should not be wholly condemned. We too readily condemn what we are unwilling to do ourselves. Abuse, of course, may creep in anywhere. They tell us that to be always moderate is better than to fast at times; and this may be quite true; but since the majority of men are not always moderate, it is a good thing, now and then, to show who is master in the house."

Even Goethe realized that nothing but the spirit of austerity and sacrifice can provide the proper basis for a healthy, happy, cheerful life. He declared this in the well-known verses:

[10] *Lebensführing*, 45 f.

If thou hast not part
In death as well as birth,
A sorry guest thou art
Upon the gloomy earth.[11]

Yes! man must die in order to grow. He must renounce selfishness, for it makes him poorer, not richer, and especially poorer in joy. "Nothing shuts in a life and shuts out satisfaction and joy like the self-considering temper and the self-centered aim. Such a life, though it may seem to itself self-developing, is in fact self-deceived. Instead of growing richer in its resources, it finds itself growing poorer. The more it cultivates itself, the more sterile it grows; the more it accumulates, the less it has; the more it saves, the more it is lost." [12]

It is unreasonable and even absurd to demand unrestricted freedom as a condition of joy. Ruskin is clear and true on this point: "For wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chain mail—strength and defence, though something also of an incumbrance. And this necessity of restraint, remember, is just as honorable to man as the necessity of labor. You

[11] The authenticity of these lines has recently been questioned (*Goethe-Jahrbuch*, ix, 329).

[12] Peabody, *Jesus Christ and the Christian Character*, p. 206.

hear every day greater numbers of foolish people speaking about liberty, as if it were such an honorable thing: so far from being that, it is, on the whole, and in the broadest sense, dishonorable, and an attribute of the lower creatures. No human being, however great, or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. . . . You will find, on fairly thinking of it, that it is his Restraint which is honorable to man, not his Liberty; . . . And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honorable. It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature, and betters the lower creature: and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labor of the insect,—from the poising of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust,—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The Sun has no liberty—a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed

has no liberty. Its liberty will come—with its corruption."[13] . . . "I have hardly patience to hold my pen and go on writing, as I remember (I would that it were possible for a few consecutive instants to forget) the infinite follies of modern thought in this matter, centered in the notion that liberty is good for a man, irrespectively of the use he is likely to make of it. Folly unfathomable! unspeakable! unendurable to look in the full face of, as the laugh of a cretin. You will send your child, will you, into a room where a table is loaded with sweet wine and fruit—some poisoned, some not?—you will say to him, 'Choose freely, my little child! It is so good for you to have freedom of choice: it forms your character—your individuality! If you take the wrong cup, or the wrong berry, you will die before the day is over, but you will have acquired the dignity of a Free child!'"[14]

When will men grow wise enough to perceive that duty, command, obedience, are not enemies and hindrances but guardians and protectors of true freedom and bringers of true joy?

In modern times Christianity is denounced as a destroyer of joy, mainly because it rigorously

[13] *The Two Paths*, Lect. V, iii.
[14] *Queen of the Air*, iii, 151.

and strictly fences in and holds down the sexual life and thus precludes many "possibilities of happiness" and seals up many sources of enjoyment. There are pupils of Nietzsche who, going beyond their master, demand absolute freedom for sexual love and even want to have it liberated from the yoke of monogamy and every moral law.

Max Zerbst has recently constructed "a philosophy of joy," built upon the senseless claim that joy and pleasure should be independent of all moral laws and all institutions,—because institutions, such as the State, the Church, the school, and the moral law, are the great disturbers of man's inner balance. This "philosophy" is dedicated to Aristippus of Cyrene and concludes with a hymn to Pleasure. It asserts that pain is always evil; that pleasure is the one precious thing in life, the sole source of vital energy, man's chief liberator and redeemer, and his highest good. But instead of showing how pleasure can be heightened and deepened so as to eliminate all pain and to permeate and bless the whole of life, Zerbst finds himself shuddering with nameless horror at the first forebodings of the new "era of pleasure" whose coming he has heralded in Bacchic style.

F. W. Foerster [15] has given a manly and downright answer to the wretched and unbalanced worshippers of pleasure, the male and female advocates of free-love who support the absolute dictatorship of Eros. His answer applies equally well to those more serious people who image that in these matters of sex, strict order and discipline may have been necessary in former times but that modern man must have the courage to act freely and independently. To give free rein to sexuality and eroticism does not really produce joy, but merely sacrifices the spiritual self to the sensual. In this matter, "the grand old commandments and the mighty old ideals" of Christianity, the religious sense and the power of grace, are quite indispensable, and all the more indispensable, because modern men are not stronger but weaker in character and will-power. It is only by means of the helps just mentioned that the sexual impulse can be checked and controlled so as to be a blessing instead of a fearful curse. If Christianity is reproached with having stifled natural instincts and lessened human joy, the answer may well be "Christianity does not stifle the natural instincts, but regulates, purifies and en-

[15] *Marriage and the Sex-Problem*, Translated by Meyrick Booth, New York, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

nobles them. You, yourselves, on the other hand, strangle the will, the higher spiritual self, by smothering it with flesh."

Teachers who seriously think of regulating the reproductive instinct without the aid of the Commandments or other religious helps, says Foerster, are, like engineers who would dam up a mighty river by playing upon flutes. Some day, when it is too late, they will see the flood of filth go pouring over the dikes. With good reason Foerster warns against the fashionable mania for enlightenment, which does not exorcise the danger it professes to fear but invokes it. Incalculable evils result from prematurely, imprudently, or needlessly directing the attention to sexual matters. That is going to the same extreme as if we attempted to instruct a family in the danger of contagion by introducing germs into the home. It is not so much enlightenment of the intellect that is needed, as strengthening and training of the character and will, in order that there may be at hand a power, a master, to watch over the developing sex-instinct, to set it in its place, and if necessary, to bind it with chains.[16] All this is demanded in the interest of joy itself. For the pleasures of erotic passion

[16] Pestalozzi.

are real destroyers of joy. Love is indeed a source of joy; but a source which must be walled in and protected from infection. It must be led from nature's lower levels to the heights of the soul.

IX

THE JOY OF THE CHRISTIAN

"The world," writes Father A. M. Weiss, O. P., "has always felt sure that the Christian life is gloomy and disagreeable. The first Christians encountered this reproach from those who knew their deeds and characteristics only by hearsay.[1] That the notion is false we need scarcely say. Any man, personally acquainted with those who are Christians by conviction, can bear witness that he has never met so sincere a welcome, such unaffected courtesy, such innocent cheerfulness as in familiar intercourse with truly Christian spirits. Even our avowed enemies concede this fact which, indeed, is so evident that the stiff, affected piety characteristic of a spurious religion, never stops complaining about it. . . . If these censors had become acquainted with Christianity in its true form, that is to say, when earnestly lived up to, they would better understand the source of that happiness, that childlike

[1] Minuc. Felix, *Octav.*, 12.

delight in nature, in a word, that frank, cheerful spirit, which is the characteristic of every class and every period ruled by faith. . . . Everywhere and always it has been observed that true exactitude and earnestness in the service of God, are rewarded with serenity of soul and happiness. Chrysostom remarked it among the naturally gloomy Phœnicians and Syrians; the Jesuits observed it among the ferocious Indians of Paraguay. To-day, according to a keen observer, A. von Hübner, travelers of every creed note that when the Chinese are converted to Christianity, the very expression of the features alters; and although the average Chinaman displays most offensively his unbelief, irony, or sullen indifference, yet the visitor to any Catholic Church in China will be joyfully surprised at the unwonted look of trust, reverence, and holiness on the faces there." [2]

For those who believe in the Christian faith, and live up to their belief, the bounds of enjoyment are set by duty, by obedience to the Commandments, by the rules of physical and spiritual health, by love of God and one's neighbor. Within these bounds all legitimate sources of joy flow in fuller and purer streams than in the

[2] *Apologie des Christentums*, ii, 3rd ed., 824 ff.

world. Within these bounds prevails St. Paul's law of liberty, "All things are yours,"[3] instead of the narrow Jewish law, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."[4] Moreover the Christian has first claim on the rich harvest of joy gathered from the fields of the earth, even in this present life, —namely, the joys offered by nature, by the home, by society, by art, not excepting food and drink. The Christian has the first claim to these things, because "for the faithful above all God hath created them,"[5] and the Christian knows how to partake of them with thanksgiving to the glory of God,[6] and to sanctify them by the word of God and prayer.[7] He is skilled in the art of adding to every cup of joy a drop of eternity, of grace, of heavenly bliss, and makes joy a true elixir of life, so that both body and soul may share the enjoyment, and thus heighten the value and promote the purpose of life.

Even with regard to purely natural pleasures, it holds good that "godliness is profitable to all things, having promise not only of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."[8] "Keep a good conscience and thou shalt always have

[3] *I Corinthians*, iii, 22.
[4] *Colossians* ii, 21.
[5] *I Timothy* iv, 3.
[6] *I Corinthians* x, 30-31.
[7] *I Timothy* iv, 5.
[8] *Ibid.*, iv, 8.

joy" is the simple yet sound advice of *The Following of Christ;*[9] and that advice is confirmed by experience, "If there be joy in the world, certainly the man whose heart is pure enjoys it."[10]

Moreover, there are open to the Christian whole kingdoms of joy which are inaccessible to the worldling and the sinner. Faith, the state of grace, prayer, lift us up into the sunshine and into the presence of God; they weave a blue sky that stretches over the whole extent of life; they establish and maintain a uniform cheerfulness which suffering and trouble cannot disturb.

Who can number, or analyze, or describe, the joys of prayer? St. Bernard says, "God, being tranquil, tranquilizes all and to see Him resting is to be at rest."[11] This rest, produced by prayer, is the prerequisite and foundation of the soul's joy. In this peaceful realm there blooms a flora of joy, so abundant, so richly and variously colored, that it cannot be described or classified. Indeed, there is a deeper significance than is commonly supposed in the counsel of St. James: "Is any of you sad? Let him pray."[12] St. Chrysostom calls prayer "a refuge in every sorrow, a principle of constant pleasure, the

[9] II, 6. 1.
[10] *Ibid.*, II, 4. 2.
[11] *In Cantic., Serm.* 23, n. 16.
[12] *St. James* v, 13.

mother of philosophy."[13] St. Nilus calls it a "charm against sadness and depression of soul."[14] And Lagarde says that piety is the sound health of the soul.

What a good spirit prevails in the house where family prayer is the custom. At least once each morning and evening, this brings together the members scattered here and there, during the rest of the day; it maintains the sentiment of unity; it creates the breathing spots and intervals of repose so badly needed in these strenuous times. Pray and time stands still.[15] Family prayer lifts the household up into a higher world. "It is a key by day and a lock by night." It resolves discords with the utmost simplicity, relieves strain, purifies the atmosphere of the home, sanctifies domestic joy and invests the father of the family with priestly dignity. The family prayer and hymn make the sweetest music ever heard upon earth and they unite each particular household to the whole blessed family of God.

True, the Christian law of life is stern and austere, but, as in the Ark of the Covenant, jars of sweet manna stand next to the Tables of the

[13] *Contra Anom.*, 7, 7.
[14] *De Orat.*, c. 16.
[15] A. Freybe, *Das deutsche Haus und seine Sitte*, i (1910), 125.

Law. Throughout the ecclesiastical year the life of the Christian is filled to overflowing with joys of the noblest kind. The sacraments are intimately related to joy. They restore it when lost; they nourish and increase it when present; they ennoble and sanctify it, if it is merely natural. Confession is a relief for life's grief and weariness, a safety-valve for the terrible pressure of the sense of guilt. The Sacrament of the Altar opens up an infinite realm of mystical joys. The House of God and the worship of God are rich in sublime poetry, in heart-stirring joy. Here the Christian people find their heavenly home, their spiritual drama and concert and art-exhibition.

"To what delight," writes Grupp, "is the pious soul introduced by a worthy communion! Piercing through all earthly veils, she perceives the great mystery and sees the heavens opened. One who has experienced such joy can never again be utterly unhappy or unbelieving. The Greeks were wont to say that no one who had looked upon the statue of Olympian Jove could ever again be entirely miserable. How much more truly may this be said of the Christian who has experienced the presence of God in prayer." [16]

[16] *Jenseitsreligion* (1910), 166.

Of old, privileges which came from no overlord but were due simply to God and the sun, were called "Sun-Rights."[17] In the same sense, Sunday may be called the people's "Sun-Right." What rights and what joys are lacking in the individual life when Sunday counts as nothing, when servile work burdens the Lord's Day or debauchery dishonors it! The day is made a day of real joy through a wonderful combination of the natural and supernatural pleasures contributed by godly rest, the loosening of labor's yoke, the united worship of God, the sermon at High Mass, the outing in the fields and woods, and the hours of quiet enjoyment at the family hearth. In the *"Hymelstras,"*[18] Brother Stephen gives a charming description of the father of a family taking "his little folk" to the sermon and afterwards asking them what they have heard, supplementing their observations with his own. Then he gets his little drink and sings his good little song, "and thus he and his little flock were happy in the Lord."

In his *Book of Childhood,* Bogumil Goltz has described the fascination of Sunday for the child-mind: "Ah! on this day nothing was the same as on school-days and work-days. We felt

[17] A. Freybe, *op. cit.*, 132. [18] Augsburg, 1484.

the difference in the air we breathed and the soil we trod; we drank it in with the very water. The sunbeams flashed it into the soul; the sparrows twittered it among the notes of the church organ; the trees told it to one another with rustling leaves. Before sunrise, in the gray dawn, the coming hours of happiness were borne on the wings of the morning wind to this chosen day. O Lord, My God, then in very truth it was Sunday,—Sunday through the whole day, Sunday in every hour and minute, in every twinkling of an eye, in every flash of a sunbeam, in every throb of the pulse, in every drop of blood, in all the body and all the soul. One could hear and see nothing, feel nothing, be aware of nothing, will nothing, think nothing, but just that it was Sunday, the sacred day. All that one looked at or experienced, was different from on other days,—the same and yet not the same, for it was illumined, hallowed, and invested with the mysterious radiance of Sunday."

Every festive season has its own peculiar joys. Not even during solemn Advent, nor in the penitential season of Lent, is joy lacking. How full of joy is the message renewed each year by the Christmas angels and again by the Easter Alleluia. To pray means to relieve one's heart, to bid

care begone, to breathe out misery and distress, to breathe in the pure mountain air and the energy of another world. Intercourse with the saints enlivens the heart, just like conversation with the noblest men. A childlike relationship with the Mother of God imparts and preserves in every period of life that childlike happiness which only a mother's presence and a mother's love bestow; so with good reason Mary is called *Causa nostrae laetitiae,* "Cause of Our Joy." Each one of the Christian virtues has its own content of joy; each is a little garden harboring flowers of every form and color and fragrance. The flowers of hope, in particular, have this special quality that they survive the roughest weather and become all the stronger and more fragrant amid the most violent storms.

In truth, there is no soil so rich as religion in springs of health, none so well supplied with fresh, sweet water. In whatever spot we dig down, bright clear streams come gushing forth. One realizes the meaning of the prophet's words: "They shall fear and be troubled for all the good things and for all the peace that I will make for them."[19] Many perhaps will be too highly "cultured" to perceive and enjoy these quiet de-

[19] *Jeremias* xxxiii, 9.

lights; but the good, plain people will enjoy them all the more for their simplicity; the poor Christian working-man and working-woman will absorb them all the more gratefully. True, as well as beautiful, are the words of that noble convert Elizabeth Gnauck-Kühne: "Who understands the working-woman? Who bothers about her welfare? Let us answer briefly,—The Catholic Church, first and before all others. . . . When she summons to High Mass, she bedecks herself like a loving mother in order to be beautiful to her children. She is very fair and despises no earthly adornment. If the working-woman holds this mother's hand fast in her own, then, at least once every seven days she will have the delightful experience of spending one happy hour, and for the time being her wheel of Ixion will stop whirling. Her senses, dulled by dust and noise and filth, will be aroused, and her soul will rest again in God. The world has shut out the working-woman from all that is fair in nature and art. The Catholic Church vested splendidly for her sake, soothes her life,—her poor, bare, prosaic life,—with a breath of beauty and lofty poetry. And although this poetry and this beauty are perhaps not analyzed, they are deeply appreciated."

Worldly folk cannot understand such joy. When they hear it spoken of, they answer with that notorious silly laugh of theirs, and look like blind men who hear someone speaking of colors. Yet religious joys are really precious; and moreover, they may be acquired by any soul of faith and good-will. They are strong and mighty realities. They give the sole explanation of the fact that the number of happy, contented, joyous persons is a hundredfold greater among faithful Christians, than among the most highly privileged classes of worldlings, who regard amusement as the only occupation and the chief concern of life. We know how much gilded misery exists among these people; we have heard certain startling admissions and confessions made by them. On many tombs might fittingly be placed the epitaph Dingelstedt composed for himself:

> He had in life much happiness,
> Yet happy he has never been.

Worldly men possess and secure many joys; still they are without joy. The fact is these joys have no real value; they are froth and show that quickly surfeit, but never satisfy, a man. Worldly joys are like all other worldly goods. "Possessed, they are a burden; loved, they are a

defilement; lost, they are a torment."[20] St. Ignatius of Loyola said: "All the honey that can be gathered from the blossoms of the world does not contain as much sweetness as the gall and vinegar of our Savior."

The world, itself,—so sceptical about joys which it cannot see, nor touch, nor eat, nor drink, —yet comes under their benign influence. Persons who possess these joys in fulness become makers of joy and bringers of joy to everyone around them, and are thus real benefactors of all mankind. How joyless life would be were it not for these sunny souls, who are so happy themselves and radiate happiness to others. We meet them everywhere, sometimes even in beggars' rags, or in childish forms, more often in peasant dress and in priestly or religious garb than in silk and satin garments, more often in the homely hut than in the splendid salon, more often in the country than in the city. Upon closer acquaintance we see that the constant serenity of their lives and the overflowing joy which they impart to others, must be the reflection of their own simple, homely, hearty faith and piety and sincerity. There is something angelic about them;

[20] *Bona, quae possessa onerant, amata inquinant, amissa cruciant.* St. Bernard, *Ep.* 103.

they radiate light and beneficent warmth. Neither the coarsest mind nor the gloomiest heart can resist their influence.

When they approach and offer aid, the sufferers smile, the savage grow tame, curses and blasphemies are silenced, unhappiness is banished and its ravages are checked by a mightier power. They have the magic gift of lifting the weight from the hearts of their fellowmen by a soft word and a bright look, of finding a balm for every wound, and, above all, of compounding out of their own souls' suffering and distress, the medicines and draughts of joy that others need. As Hilty says, "Truly spontaneous goodness of heart is not the fruit of philosophy and culture. To produce it is the undeniable and exclusive privilege of Christianity, and this is the living proof, throughout the centuries, of Christianity's divine origin. Even to-day, the attempt to find a substitute for the Christian religion must fail, because nothing else can possibly give birth to a like cheerfulness and kindness." [21]

Bless them! those sunny souls, with their kindly eyes and their hearts of gold, true benefactors of humanity. Would that they were a thousand times more numerous, then the problem

[21] *Glück*, 251 f.

of joy would be finally solved. But meanwhile, how can their number be increased? Why, of course, by your joining them. And how is that to be done? We can only answer: "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all these things (including joy) shall be added unto you."[22] Be more faithful in the performance of your duty, especially your religious duty, and joy will come spontaneously. If we wish to have flowers, we must plant and water them. This does not imply that we cannot make a direct effort to learn and to exercise joyousness and friendliness. In fact, to study with especial care this fair aspect of Christianity and to practice cheerfulness, is a proceeding which, at the present time, seems to be particularly expedient and meritorious.

[22] *St. Matthew* vi, 33.

X

JOY AND HOLY SCRIPTURE

There would certainly be no lack of material for a whole theology of joy; and the fundamental chapter, most interesting of all, would be the biblical. Any concordance will make plain the importance attached to joy in Holy Scripture. The synonyms of joy are among those chief words of the Bible which recur hundreds and hundreds of times,—a significant fact in a book using no idle or unnecessary words. Holy Scripture thus becomes a sort of "paradise of pleasure," [1] where we may find the joy that we have vainly sought, or perhaps have lost, in the world.

JOY IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Like a rich vein of silver, joy runs through the writings of the Old Testament and through the life that it describes. The Hebrew language,—although its vocabulary is poor in comparison with the classical and modern tongues,—has no

[1] *Genesis*, iii, 23.

less than twelve verbs which mean "to rejoice," "to be happy."[2] The good Israelite is saved from the danger of undervaluing or distorting the idea of joy and the human desire for it, by his knowledge that the deepest, purest fountain of joy is the throne of God, the Divine Essence. As God Himself rejoices "in His works,"[3] "in Jerusalem,"[4] and over Sion "with gladness,"[5] so does the just man "rejoice in the Lord,"[6] and "delight in the Lord"[7] and "rejoice before God."[8]

True, the Old Testament is the covenant of fear and the people are kept fearful by God's judgments and by the thunderings of the prophets. Yet this fear does not exclude joy; for the Old Testament is also the covenant of hope which reconciles fear and joy,—so that the Psalmist can say: "Rejoice with trembling,"[9] and: "Let my heart rejoice that it may fear thy name."[10] Fear and joy live together like sisters and play with each other like two little lambs. Joy in God is the privilege and sweetest reward

[2] *Die Freude in den Schriften des Alten Bundes*, von A. Wünsche, Weimar, 1896. 5.

[3] *Psalms* ciii, 31.

[4] *Isaias* lxv, 19.

[5] *Sophonias* iii, 17.

[6] *Psalms* lxiii, 11.

[7] *Psalms* xxxvi, 4.

[8] *Psalms*, lxvii, 4.

[9] *Psalms* ii, 11.

[10] *Psalms* lxxxv, 11.

of the fear of God: "Oh, how great is the multitude of thy sweetness, O Lord, which thou hast hidden for them that fear thee."[11] Unworthy members of the covenant, who do not fear God, but desert Him to serve idols, are expressly debarred from joy: "Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, my servants shall eat, and you shall be hungry: behold, my servants shall drink, and you shall be thirsty. Behold, my servants shall rejoice, and you shall be confounded; behold, my servants shall praise for joyfulness of heart, and you shall cry for sorrow of heart, and shall howl for grief of spirit."[12]

Even in grievous trouble and affliction the God-fearing children of Israel look confidently for the guidance and providence of God, sure that the joy of deliverance shall encompass them soon again; and that "the meek shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."[13] Providence arranges a kindly balancing of sad and happy periods, of suffering and consolation: "We have rejoiced for the days in which thou hast humbled us; for the years in which we have seen evils;"[14] "According to the multitude of my sorrows in my

[11] *Psalms* xxx, 20.
[12] *Isaias* lxv, 13 ff.
[13] *Isaias* xxix, 19.
[14] *Psalms* lxxxix, 15.

heart, thy comforts have given joy to my soul."[15]

So also the consciousness of belonging to the chosen people was for the Israelites an ever-flowing joy. "Neither is there any other nation so great, that hath gods so nigh them, as our God is present to all our petitions. For what other nation is there so renowned that hath ceremonies, and just judgments, and all the law?"[16] The Law was indeed a strict disciplinarian, but also a good and wise "pedagogue"[17] leading to Christ, not merely by punishments but also by joys. In it the people were given a source of wisdom exalting them high above all other nations, which He alone could open that knoweth all things,— "He that prepared the earth for evermore. . . . He that sendeth forth light and it goeth; and hath called it, and it obeyeth him with trembling. And the stars have given light in their watches, and rejoiced: They were called and they said: Here we are; and with cheerfulness they have shined forth to him that made them."[18] To this wise and holy Law, the Old Testament dedicates the 118th Psalm, that majestic hymn whose dominant tone is joy. The good Israelite looks on

[15] *Psalms* xciii, 19.
[16] *Deuteronomy*, iv, 7 f.
[17] *Galatians* iii, 24.
[18] *Baruch* iii, 32 ff.

these commandments as the joy of his heart,[19] he meditates on them because he has loved them,[20] and delights in them "as in all riches," [21] "as one that hath found great spoil." [22]

The Temple was the pride, the boast, the joy, of the whole people and of each individual Israelite. How exuberantly this joy breaks out in the well-known "Psalms of the Temple!" We must meditate upon them thoroughly, if we would appreciate what a joyful place the Temple was for the pious Israelite and how truly God there fulfilled His promise made through the prophet; "I will bring them into my holy mount, and will make them joyful in my house of prayer." [23] The singing of the words, "We shall go into the house of the Lord," [24] was a message of joy always, but particularly so on great festivals. A special law ordained that there should then be rejoicing and feasting.[25] The Feast of the Tabernacles was celebrated for seven days.[26] The climax of this feast was the ceremony of drawing the water. At the morning and evening sacrifice the priest lifted some water out of the Pool of Siloe in a golden pitcher, carried it through the

[19] v. 111.
[20] v. 47.
[21] v. 14.
[22] v. 162.
[23] *Isaias* lvi, 7.
[24] *Psalms* cxxi, 1.
[25] *Deuteronomy* xii, 7; xiv, 26.
[26] *Deuteronomy* xvi, 13.

Water Gate and poured it, mixed with wine, into a basin at the altar, amid such general rejoicing that the saying arose, "He that hath not seen the joy on the feast of the Drawing of Water hath never seen any joy." To this Our Savior referred, when He cried out: "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink!"[27] He thus revealed Himself as the only one who can give the living water of true joy.

The highest note of joy in the Old Testament is struck by the prophets when they look away from the guilt and misery of the present towards the Messianic future and, with eyes enlightened by the spirit of God, perceive the Redeemer and the work of His grace. They cannot find images and words exultant enough to express their delight and happiness. And certainly for every faithful Israelite, the Messianic hope was the sweetest gift of joy in his life and a foretaste of the joy of the New Testament. The purest and most soulful echo of this joy in the Old Testament is, at the same time, its first echo in the New: The Magnificat.

Let it be noted too, how the Old Testament gives expression to an exultant love of nature incomparably superior to that of the classical peo-

[27] *St. John* vii, 37.

ples in depth and purity, as well as in spiritual and poetic value. Radiant with the sunshine of faith and the moonlight of Messianic hope, revealing and reflecting the beauty and goodness of the Creator, permeated with His breath, sharing man's expectation of the Messiah, nature was infinitely closer to the Israelite than to the pagan. To the former she had much more to say. She shared his sorrow and his joy; and she let him share in the joys which God bestowed upon her, the luminous traces of His creative Hand and His omnipresence. How close the musical song-loving people of Israel kept to nature, and what a kindly, cheering, sympathetic mother and friend and dispenser of joy she was to them, may best be seen in the constant personifications of nature woven through the Psalms and the Prophetic Books.

Even "Thabor and Hermon shall rejoice" in the name of the Lord;[28] "the fir-trees also have rejoiced . . . and the cedars of Libanus;"[29] "the hills shall be girded about with joy . . . and the vales shall shout, yea, they shall sing."[30] The heavens rejoice, the earth is glad, the sea is moved, the fields are joyful, the trees of the woods

[28] *Psalms* lxxxviii, 13.
[29] *Isaias* xiv, 8.
[30] *Psalms* lxiv, 13 f.

rejoice before the face of the Lord;[31] the sun, "as a bridegroom coming out of his bride-chamber, hath rejoiced as a giant to run the way."[32] According to the prophet, "the land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice, and shall flourish like the lily. It shall bud forth and blossom, and shall rejoice with joy and praise; the glory of Libanus is given to it; the beauty of Carmel, and Saron, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the beauty of our God."[33] Thus nature too, breathes the sunny warmth of joy in God and radiates this joy forth again into the souls of the faithful.

All in all, the people of God under the Old Testament ought to have been joyful people. And so they were, as long as apostasy and infidelity did not invalidate their claim. "Sing joyfully to God, all the earth: serve ye the Lord with gladness. Come in before his presence with exceeding great joy,"[34] was a recommendation then in force. The exhortation: "Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye just, and glory, all ye right of heart"[35] is ever repeated. "And let the just

[31] *Psalms* xcv, 11 f.
[32] *Psalms* xviii, 6.
[33] *Isaias* xxxv, 1 f.
[34] *Psalms* cxix, 2.
[35] *Psalms* xxxi, 11.

feast, and rejoice before God; and be delighted with gladness."[36] In a time of great sadness Nehemias exhorted the people: "Be not sad; for the joy of the Lord is our strength."[37] Of Israel, the Psalmist says: "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord"[38] and again: "Blessed is the people that knoweth jubilation. They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance; and in thy name they shall rejoice all the day, and in thy justice they shall be exalted."[39]

THE NEW TESTAMENT AND JOY.

The New Testament is, of course, the Testament of joy in a far higher degree than the Old. The New Testament is welcomed to earth by the Virgin Mother, in her little home, with her heart's Magnificat, the most beautiful of Messianic canticles, more holy and joyful than anything since the days of Paradise. It is publicly announced by the angels on Christmas night as a "great joy that shall be to all the people."[40]

The bearer and the centre of New Testament joy is the Messiah, the God-Man. Jesus and joy —that, indeed, is a mystery of which it is hard to

[36] *Psalms* lxvii, 4.
[37] *II Esdras* viii, 10.
[38] *Psalms* cxliii, 15.
[39] *Psalms* lxxxviii, 16 f.
[40] *St. Luke* ii, 10.

speak. Who will fathom or measure the nature and the depth of the God-Man's joy? It is a wonderful union of divine happiness,—inseparable from His Person, never lost even in His darkest hours,—with all the joy possible to a pure, sinless, human heart. For He has become like unto us in all things, even in joy, and has needed it and made use of it, just as food and drink.

Even childish joy was not unknown to Him. It radiated from His eyes to His mother and His foster-father, to the shepherds and the three wise men. It smiled up from His face at Simeon and Anna, making their hearts rejoice. The eyes and features of the Blessed Child of Nazareth were illumined with a reflection both of divine bliss and of a child's holy happiness. True, the shadow of Calvary and the Cross already lay over his young life and upon the souls of Mary and Joseph; and the foreknowledge, the anticipated pain, of the passion was like a fiery garment which the Redeemer wore from childhood. Yet despite sadness, poverty, and want, despite dark foreknowledge and tragic forebodings, the life of the Holy Family was not wanting in those joys which send their fragrance forth from the homes of the poor to the good hearts round about.

One of the apocryphal gospels relates that the people of Nazareth gave the Child Jesus the name of "Gentleness." They had a saying, "Let us go to Gentleness, to become happy!" This is perfectly credible; for in the sunshine of His nature everything must have been illumined with joy.

To Him even the thought of the passion was not mere pain, but also joy, something which He seized and embraced with joyful eagerness, with all the enthusiasm of a youth's noble soul. What a garden of joy nature must have been to Him! Never has the eye of any other youth looked upon the life and growth of nature with so clear an understanding, such deep-piercing keenness of vision, so ardent a love. On Nazareth's hills and fields was woven into our Savior's life a mysterious and peculiar relation to nature. In that relation the love of the Creator who made all things was combined with the love of the God-Man who came to redeem even nature from the curse of sin. We shall see how later, as a teacher, He turned to good account what He had seen and experienced of nature in His early years.

Although His vocation to be Redeemer and Victim weighed heavily upon Him during all His public life and ministry; although His war with

the priests and the unbelieving Jews forced Him to sharpen His revelations with threat and punishment and made His eyes flash wrath instead of joy; and although, despite all the customary kindliness and mildness of our Savior's face, there was never merriment or laughter there,—yet His inner joy in God never left Him but was always shining forth. "He that sent me is with me, and He hath not left me alone." [41] To offer men the joys of truth and grace was His food. "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me." [42] Whenever He found sensitive hearts, He offered these gifts with all friendliness and joyousness.

Unquestionably His disposition was anything but forbidding and gloomy. If at one look and one word of His, hard, rugged men left fishing-nets and custom-house tables, homes and families, to go after Him; if women left their households to follow and serve Him; if the last of the prophets leaped for joy at the sound of His voice; [43] if even the crowd round about, although confused in mind and fickle of will, were yet at times aroused to such enthusiasm as to want to make Him king by force; if the children too, felt

[41] *St. John* viii, 29; xvi, 32.
[42] *St. John* iv, 34.
[43] *St. John* iii, 29.

drawn to Him and pressed about Him,—all this leads us to conclude that the power of attracting, like the power of healing, which went out from Him, was essentially a power of joy, of that joy which is the fragrance and the aroma of love.

No gloomy pessimism can be perceived in His doctrine or His work. He fulfilled the prophecy: "He shall not be sad, nor troublesome."[44] He is the heavenly sower who steps across the fields, alert, hopeful, happy, sowing the seed with an arm that swings wide and free. He likes best to tarry in the lovely country by the Lake of Genesareth. When He wishes to be alone, He climbs to the mountain heights, as if to breathe the air of home. With that joy in nature already noted, He gathers His parables and figures from the fields and hills, or draws them from His surroundings. Generally, a quiet, peaceful cheerfulness pervades His parables and His little sketches and descriptions of nature and of human life. He does not, like the prophets, select the majestic scenes, the mighty phenomena, the catastrophes, the thunderous voices of nature. He chooses the quiet, small, ordinary, simple, friendly things. The hen and her chickens, the birds that fly care-free from branch to branch,

[44] *Isaias* xlii, 4.

the lilies in their splendid garments, the mustard-tree with its feathered tenants, the reeds of the Jordan, the pearls of the sea, the simple dove and the prudent serpent, the field with soil so varying, the growing of the grain, "first the blade, then the ear, afterwards the full corn in the ear,"[45] the vine laden with precious fruit, or bleeding from the sharp knife of the vine-dresser: just such plain, little, unnoticed, natural objects are, in His opinion, best adapted to be figures of what is supreme and eternal. Thus in the "Our Father" He fills the simplest words with the weightiest content; and, in the Eucharist, He hides His own nature in the plain form of bread.

His reverent treatment of nature, His associating of nature in the teaching of eternal truth, and the immediate service of God and the work of salvation, has again taught men reverence for nature and enjoyment of nature even in its insignificant and common forms. It has awakened the Christian love of nature, unlocked a thousand sources of joy, and infinitely enriched the joy content of the ordinary life. Here again we see the proof that Christ is not the negation but the supreme affirmation of life. In Him is not "Yea and Nay," but only "Yea."[46]

[45] *St. Mark* iv, 28. [46] *II Corinthians* i, 19.

How happy and full of joy was our Savior's association with His disciples! It is significant that His first journey in their company was to a wedding, and that at a wedding He performed His first miracle. The Messiah is certainly no foe of happiness, but rather the one to whom men may venture to apply when the wine of joy gives out. Instead of the water of merely natural joy, which only pleases the palate, He bestows the wine of that higher joy which infuses new life into the whole being; and the Virgin Mother too, graciously appears as mediatrix of joy. When defending His disciples against the pharisaical reproach of not fasting, Our Savior compares His life and theirs to a wedding: "Can the children of the bridegroom mourn, as long as the bridegroom is with them? But the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then they shall fast." [47]

How His eyes must have brightened when, at the return of the disciples from their first mission journey, "He rejoiced in the Holy Ghost, and said: I confess to thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father, for so

[47] *St. Matthew* ix, 15.

it hath seemed good in thy sight."[48] Then, for the first time, the disciples must have rejoiced in their innermost souls at their holy vocation. True, only three chosen ones enjoyed the happiness of Tabor, and it passed quickly despite Peter's attempt to prolong it. Yet all the disciples were permanently partners in His joy.

In the final hours of their life together, He comforts them, before His passion: "Let not your heart be troubled, nor let it be afraid."[49] He promises that their sorrow shall be changed into joy and speaks certain things to them, "that my joy may be in you, and your joy may be filled."[50] He prays "that they may have my joy filled in themselves."[51] The forty days after Easter were a real May-time, a lovely spring; and in the hearts of the disciples, a joy then ripened which, through the descent of the Holy Ghost, became their inalienable possession.

The joy of salvation; the joy of the Savior, whether bleeding in victorious battle against the legions of evil, or risen again amid Easter Alleluias, or gloriously ascended to Heaven and reigning there; the joy of the Holy Ghost; the vision of perfect future joy, the reward of

[48] *St. Luke* x, 21.
[49] *St. John* xiv, 27.
[50] *St. John* xv, 11.
[51] *St. John* xvii, 13.

heaven [52]—all this remained as a precious legacy to the disciples, and has become the portion of everyone who is united to the Savior in faith and love. The inner experience of the Apostle testifies that "the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but justice and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." [53] He names joy second among the fruits of the spirit.[54] He proclaims as the Christian law of life: "Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say, rejoice," [55] and, "Let the peace of Christ rejoice in your hearts." [56] When the first Christian communities were organized, "breaking bread from house to house, they took their meat with gladness and simplicity of heart." [57] All the trouble, danger and affliction which came upon the Christians in times of persecution could not cause anything more than a quasi-sadness in the midst of real permanent joy, "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing." [58] During centuries of the most frightful and bloody persecution, amid pain and torment, in flames and funeral-pyres, in rackings and scourgings, in the darkest depths of dungeons, this indestructible joy has always kept up its exultant song.

[52] *St. Matthew* xxv, 21; *I St. Peter* i, 6-8.
[53] *Romans* xiv, 17.
[54] *Galatians* v, 22.
[55] *Philippians* iv, 4.
[56] *Colossians* iii, 15.
[57] *Acts* ii, 46.
[58] *II Corinthians* vi, 10.

XI

JOY AND HOLINESS

The halo, that mark of particular honor with which art adorns the heads of the saints, is a symbol of their heavenly glory; but it also reminds us of the halo of joyousness and kindliness encircling their features even during mortal life. It is because of an utter misunderstanding that worldlings are unable to conceive of a saint without the attributes of sadness, pessimism and melancholy. As a matter of fact, the essential characteristic of a saint is joyfulness.

In old legends, and occasionally in life, we meet with "whimsical saints"; but, either they are not saints at all, or else their oddity has a gracious side. In no case should unfriendly, ill-tempered oddity be admired or imitated. The saints themselves have spoken very strongly against melancholy gloom. St. Francis of Assisi, calls it the Babylonian malady, and St. Catherine of Siena, says that it is brought on by Satan who, when he sees that he cannot

tempt the soul to sensuality, which destroys constancy, and renders the heart narrow, weak and cowardly, endeavors to excite trouble, disgust, sadness and scruples of conscience. M. Olier says that sadness inclines the soul to desire sensible consolations which, although they appear to come from God, are in reality born of sensuality and self-deception. St. Teresa tells us plainly: "I fear nothing so much as to see my daughters lose this joy of the soul, for I know, to my cost, what a discontented religious is like." [1]

It cannot be expected or required that this cheerful, friendly quality should be equally prominent and attractive in the lives of all the saints. Natural disposition, temperament, and the like, play an important part. But joy can never be entirely lacking in any real saint, even in the most austere ascetic or the strictest preacher of penance. It comes into view like the first ray or fore-gleam of the saintly halo and the heavenly glory. In this respect, too, the saints must show themselves to be the disciples and the images of Christ, so that "the goodness and kindness of God our Savior" [2] may appear in them as it

[1] Henri Joly, *The Psychology of the Saints*, English Translation, London and New York, 1902, p. 173.

[2] *Titus* iii, 4.

appeared in His own human nature. An essential element of holiness, therefore, is the hearty, practical, tireless effort to give joy to others, to comfort the afflicted, and to throw sunshine upon every need of body and soul. This beneficent external activity makes the saints look like "royal administrators of affairs."

Fundamentally, holiness cannot mean anything else but a reshaping and uplifting of earthly life into life with God, in God, for God,—true and real, although always imperfect and subject to earthly limitations. It is effected by means of permanent attention to God's presence, constant performance of His will, and steady intercourse with Him in prayer. With it comes a true and real, even though imperfect, participation in God's glory and blessedness, and an inflowing and overflowing of these into the human heart and life, not in a full stream, but drop by drop. The result is that wonderful gentleness and patience, that peace and steadfastness, that uniform joyousness, that permanent, even temper and disposition, which shines out of the eyes, lights up the face, puts music in the voice, and, like a bright blue sky, stretches over the whole of life, imparting joy to everyone.

Thus happiness and holiness go together. St.

Augustine[3] teaches that the greatest possible happiness comes from the possession of truth. St. Catherine of Siena represents God as uttering the following words with regard to souls that have arrived at perfection: ". . . Then this soul chants a delightful canticle, playing its own accompaniment upon an instrument whose strings have been so well tuned by prudence that they give out a holy harmony to the glory and honor of My name. . . . The perfect are pleasing even to the world itself, whether it will or not; for the wicked cannot keep from hearing the sweetness of this harmony. Many even are so captivated by it that they abandon death to return to life. All of My saints have thus captivated souls. This harmony was first heard when My Well-Beloved Word, clothing Himself with your humanity and uniting it to His Divinity, gave forth from the Cross this ineffable music which captivated the human race. . . . All of you who produce these harmonies are the disciples of this Good Master. It is by means of His sweet melody that the glorious Apostles captivated so many souls when all over the world they sowed this word which they had learned from My Well-Beloved Son. It is to the same harmony that

[3] *De Lib. Arbitr.* L. II, c. 13, n. 35.

the martyrs, the confessors, the doctors, and the virgins owe the same victories."[4]

"The characteristic of all those who have attained to perfect love of God, is an exceptional and imperturbable happiness, a cheerfulness so surprising, so permanent, so frank and childlike, that the prejudiced children of this world are tempted to get vexed at it. . . . Whoever encounters souls of this kind, perceives from their very appearance that their condition does not depend on the world around them but originates in their own spiritual depths. Their minds are not easily upset by storms, for their lives are built upon God who is inaccessible to the disturbing influence of the elements. They have naught to fear from God; they are at peace with themselves. Why then, should they not be happy?"[5]

The legends and biographies of many saints draw especial attention to their brighter side and record telling instances of their joyousness and friendliness. We are now going to construct a little garden of joy out of short selections from these.

[4] *Dialogue de Sainte Catherine de Sienne*, traduit de L'Italien par E. Cartier, Paris, 1855, c. 147.

[5] Weiss, *Apologie*, III 2 831. Cf. S. Thomas Aquinas, *Sum. Theol.*, 2a, 2æ, q. 28, a. 1.

XII

A GALLERY OF JOYFUL PEOPLE

At the head of this list of saints must be placed the one whom we reverence particularly as Queen of All Saints. When, with the Church, we greet Mary as "Cause of our Joy" and "Comforter of the Afflicted," this is no exaggeration; we are simply saying what to us is perfectly clear and true. From the very fact of her absolute sinlessness, and her dignity as Mother of God, we may deduce her possession of the most wonderful kind of joy. Like a crystal fountain, springing out of unfathomed depths, the Magnificat rises jubilant to heaven. That Mary is also "Mother Most Sorrowful," in no way lessens her joy; it only renders her all the more capable of being "Comforter of the Afflicted" and "Cause of Joy" to poor mankind. The many delicate, pure, warm joys woven into the Christian's life through childlike intercourse with our Blessed Mother cannot be imagined by one who neither knows nor cares anything about her.

Note the counsel of the *Shepherd* of Hermas in the second century.[1]

"Put away," said he, "grief from yourself, for this is a sister of doubt and bitterness. . . . Do you not perceive that grief is more evil than all the spirits, and is most terrible to the servants of God, and corrupts man beyond all the spirits, and wears out the Holy Spirit? . . . Therefore put on joyfulness, which always is agreeable and acceptable to God, and rejoice in it. For every cheerful man does good deeds and has good thoughts, and despises grief; but the mournful man always acts wickedly. . . . Cleanse yourself from this wicked grief, and you shall live to God; and all shall live to God who cast away from themselves grief and put on all joyfulness."

*

Speaking of the solitaries of the Egyptian Thebaid, Rufinus tells us: "They were always cheerful and full of such spiritual joy as few have experienced upon earth. None was sad, and if one ever appeared so, at once the holy Abbot Apollonius asked for the cause. He often told them that a man who placed his salvation in God and his hope in heaven could not be sad. Pagans

[1] *Mand.* x, 2, 3. English translation by Kirsopp Lake, *The Apostolic Fathers*, vol. II, London and New York, 1913, pp. 115 f.

might have cause to mourn, Jews to weep and lament, sinners to be troubled; but the just should be glad and cheerful." Salvation in God and hope in heaven! It would be impossible to sum up more concisely the main sources of Christian cheerfulness.

The same St. Apollonius, who founded a monastery of five hundred monks near Heliopolis, often spoke of the dangerous consequences of sadness and recommended that spiritual joy which must be joined with the tears of penance, —the joy which springs from love and without which the glow of devotion in the soul is soon extinguished. He himself possessed this joyousness in the highest degree, and his look of gladness was the sign by which strangers recognized him. How much pedagogical wisdom and what a sound conception of true penance and true piety his recommendation shows. The stronger and truer our sorrow for sin, the more necessary and the better justified will be our cheerfulness born of the love of God.

Even in the last hours of his extremely mortified life, St. Pachomius displayed the same radiant features, the same gay, cheerful look that were habitual with him. And concerning a solitary of the Scythian Desert, we read that, even

after his brethren supposed him to be already dead, he opened his mouth again and thrice laughed heartily for joy at having lived and died as God had appointed for him.[2]

St. Anthony the Great, called "Star of the Desert" and "Father of Monks," who died about 356 A. D., at the age of one hundred and five years, is represented by his biographer, St. Athanasius, as so cheerful looking, that strangers could always recognize him even in a crowd.[3]

*

St. Basil the Great (+ 379 A. D.), according to St. Gregory Nazianzen, lived so ascetic a life that he was without flesh and almost without blood; and, in his own words, he no longer had a body. Yet he was far from being sad or melancholy. His gentleness and patience were literally inexhaustible. His unvarying mildness amazed the pagan Libanius. When the Prefect Modestus tried to force him into communion with the Arians by menacing him with confiscation, banishment, torture, and death, and Basil only despised these threats, the Prefect said: "No one has ever before spoken

[2] Weiss, *Apologie*, III 2 835.

[3] *Vita S. Antonii M. Acta Sanctorum*, die XVII, Ian., c. xvi, n. 89.

so boldly to Modestus." St. Basil answered: "Perhaps you have never before had to deal with a Christian Bishop. Usually we Bishops are the mildest of all men; but when religion is at stake, we have God alone before our eyes and despise everything else; fire, sword, wild beasts, iron tongs, then become a delight to us."

In St. Martin, Bishop of Tours (+ about 400 A. D.), the faith and the power of Eliseus seemed to be renewed. His uninterrupted communion with God in prayer was no hindrance to his availing himself of every opportunity to make jokes that were both amusing and edifying.[4]

*

Among the writings of St. Chrysostom (+ 407 A. D.) are seventeen letters to the deaconess Olympia. This noble and cultured virgin experienced great depression and sadness, not only because of her own great sufferings and persecutions, but much more because of the frightful storms that had broken upon the Church and her spiritual father Chrysostom. In these letters, written by the Saint amid the unspeakable sufferings and privations of exile and during, or after, severe illness, he labors with tireless pa-

[4] Sulpic. Sever., *Dial.* II, 10.

tience and perseverance to heal her troubled soul. He strives to deliver her from sadness, which is a grave malady of souls, an inexpressible torment, a worm-gnawing at the mind, a secret fever, worse than the cruelest tyrant; and also to inspire her with deep, abiding cheerfulness.[5] He never tires of repeating that piety depends less upon external circumstances than upon one's attitude of mind. Nothing could be more touching than the way in which from Christian teachings, the example of our Savior and the Apostles, and his own pains and trials, he prepares a balm which with soft, tender hands he lays upon the wounded spirit. Then again, with the sternness of a physician, he reproves Olympia for having pleased the devil by fostering sadness and gloominess.[6] And finally he sings triumphantly of victory over sadness which has been conquered by joy.

How harmful sadness is and how necessary joy is to the Christian, has hardly ever been more emphatically declared and more thoroughly explained than in these touching letters whose power to console and gladden can be tested by many a sick soul even to-day.

*

[5] *Letters*, 3, n. 2.

[6] *Letters*, 14, n. 4.

St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola (+ 431), united to his keen practical wisdom a charming sprightliness which enchanted everyone acquainted with him and even now smiles out at us from his writings.

*

St. Deicolus, born in Ireland in the sixth century, was a disciple of St. Columba, whom he accompanied to England and France. He became Abbot of the Monastery of Lüders. It is said that the holy joy of his soul was reflected so brightly in his face that it affected all who saw him. Even his teacher and master, Columba, wondered and once asked him how it happened that he was always so cheerful and contented. Deicolus answered simply: "It comes from the thought that nothing can rob me of my God." Thus he indicated plainly and profoundly the source of his joy, the foundation of his constancy and unfailing confidence.

*

Of St. Romuald (+ 1027), the founder of the austere order of Camaldoli, his biographer, St. Peter Damian, says, in old age his cheerfulness still remained so simple and childlike that no one, even those whose hearts were full of bitterness,

could see him without being joyfully disposed.

*

It is said of St. Bernard (1091–1153) that his inexpressible sweetness gave his extremely pale and emaciated features an angelic beauty which attracted everybody and greatly contributed to his extraordinary popularity. He used to declare that nothing could ever be done by men who did not guide others in the spirit of kindness. According to Möhler, his writings of convincing clearness, of finished form, of melodious and fascinating eloquence, flowed from his soul like a limpid stream to refresh and heal. They seemed to be an emanation of his own spiritual power and sweetness. A bishop has said that kindness, if able to preach sermons or write books, would express itself just like St. Bernard. He loved nature and used to learn from the earth, the trees, the fields, the flowers and the grass. "Believe one who has tried," he writes, "you shall find a fuller satisfaction in the woods than in books. The trees and the rocks will teach you that which you cannot hear from masters."[7]

[7] Letter 106. *Life and Works of St. Bernard* (ed. Mabillon), Translated by Samuel J. Earles, London, 1889.

His kindness extended even to brute beasts. At sight of a hare chased by hounds, or of a poor little bird pursued by birds of prey, his heart grew heavy. He could not keep from making the sign of the cross in the air to rescue the innocent little creatures, and his blessing always brought them good fortune. He used to say, "If mercy were a sin, I believe I could not keep from committing it."

*

St. Dominic (1170–1221), amid his apostolic labors, manifested so imperturbable a cheerfulness that all believed they saw a heavenly radiance upon his face. The day he dedicated to joy; for the night he kept the tears and flagellations with which he besought God's mercy upon the misery of the world.

*

How could anyone speak of holy joy and of the joy of the holy, without knowing and naming St. Francis of Assisi (1182–1226), poor "Brother Ever-Glad," master of joy, and especially of joy in suffering, the one whom a non-Catholic [8] has recently called the most fortunate man that ever lived, the true "Happy Hans"! His joyfulness

[8] Julius Hart in the Berlin *Tag*, 1905, Nr. 627.

was a natural gift. Even before his conversion, when during the war against Perugia, he spent a year in prison, he astonished his companions with his constant cheerfulness and incessant singing. Throughout his life of poverty and external hardship he was always rich in joy. For him the strains of pain and joy commingled; yea, the deepest pain to him was a source of the highest joy. He himself affirmed this in a remarkable dialogue with Brother Leo which we here insert.

"One day, as St. Francis was going with Brother Leo from Perugia to Santa Maria degli Angioli, in the winter, and suffering a great deal from the cold, he called to Brother Leo, who was walking on before him, and said to him: 'Brother Leo, if it were to please God that the Brothers Minor should give, in all lands, a great example of holiness and edification, write down, and carefully observe, that this would not be a cause for perfect joy.' A little farther on, St. Francis called to him a second time: 'O Brother Leo, if the Brothers Minor were to make the lame to walk, if they could make straight the crooked, chase away demons, restore sight to the blind, give hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, and, what is even a far greater work, raise the dead

after four days, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy.' Shortly after, he cried out again: 'O Brother Leo, if the Brothers Minor knew all languages; if they were versed in all science; if they could explain all Scriptures; if they had the gift of prophecy, and could reveal, not only all future things, but likewise the secrets of all consciences and all souls, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy.' After proceeding a few steps farther, he cried out again with a loud voice: 'O Brother Leo, little Lamb of God! if the Brothers Minor could speak with the tongues of angels; if they could explain the course of the stars; if they knew the virtues of all plants; if all the treasures of the earth were revealed to them; if they were acquainted with the various qualities of all birds, of all fish, of all animals, of men, of trees, of stones, of roots, and of waters,—write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy.' Shortly after, he cried out again: 'O Brother Leo, if the Brothers Minor had the gift of preaching so as to convert all infidels to the faith of Christ, write that this would not be a cause for perfect joy.' Now this discourse having lasted for the space of two miles, Brother Leo wondered much within himself; and, questioning the saint, he said:

'Father, I pray thee teach me where to find cause for perfect joy.' St. Francis answered: 'If, when we shall arrive at Santa Maria degli Angioli, all drenched with rain and trembling with cold, all covered with mud and exhausted from hunger; if, when we knock at the convent-gate, the porter should come angrily and ask us who we are; if, after we have told him that we are two of his brothers, he should answer angrily, "What you say is not the truth; you are but two impostors going about to deceive the world, and take the alms of the poor; begone I say;" if he refuses to open to us, and leaves us outside, exposed to the snow and rain, suffering from cold and hunger till night arrives,—then, if we accept such injustice, such cruelty, and such contempt with patience, without being ruffled, and without murmuring, believing with humility and charity that the porter really knows us, and that it is God who makes him speak thus against us,—O Brother Leo, write down that this is a cause for perfect joy. And if we knock again, and the porter comes out in anger to send us away, as if we were vile impostors, with oaths and blows, and saying, "Begone, miserable robbers! go to the hospital, for you shall neither eat nor sleep here!"; if he takes hold of a knotted stick, and, seizing us by

the cowl, throws us on the ground; if we bear all these injuries with patience and joy, thinking of the sufferings of our blessed Lord, O Brother Leo, write that here, finally is cause for perfect joy. And now, Brother, listen to the conclusion. Above all the graces and all the gifts of the Holy Spirit which Christ grants to His friends, is the grace of overcoming oneself, and accepting willingly, out of love to Christ, sufferings, injuries, discomforts, and contempt.' ''[9]

Constant cheerfulness and friendliness in God were in fact the chief characteristics of St. Francis and the main sources of his influence.

* [10]

Francis cried out: "We Friars, Minor, what are we other than God's singers and players, who seek to draw hearts upwards and to fill them with spiritual joy?" To play good people into heaven, to sing before every one's door about the beauty and delight of serving the Lord—this Francis had tried personally in Assisi, and he

[9] *The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi*, English Translation, London, 1887, ch. viii.

[10] The rest of the description down to page 149 is not from Bishop Keppler's text, but is a series of passages quoted directly from the English translation of a source upon which he largely depends, *Saint Francis of Assisi; A Biography*, by Johannes Jörgensen. Translated from the Danish by T. O'Conor Sloane, Longmans, Green, & Co., New York and London, 1913, *passim*, pp. 178-333. (Tr.)

assigned the same troubadour's ways to his Brothers. "Do you not know, dearest Brother," he asked Brother Giles, "that holy contrition and holy humility and holy charity and holy joy make the soul good and happy?" There were many who in St. Francis of Assisi's time did not know this, and therefore God's singers, *joculatores Dei,* went out into the world to sing this into the hearts of men.

Francis' work as lawgiver was only occasional. At a Chapter it was told him that many of the Brothers tormented themselves with penitential shirts, iron rings and the like on the naked body. He forbade at once the use of such ascetic things by the Brothers. Another time he had the following regulation put into writing: "Let the Brothers take care that they do not present the appearance of hypocrites, with dark and cast-down mien, but that they show themselves glad in the Lord, cheerful and worthy of love, and agreeable."

Against such and all other trials and temptations Francis over and over again advised his Brothers to use three remedies—the first was prayer, the second was obedience, such that one willingly did another's will, the third was the evangelical joy in the Lord, which drives away

all evil and dark thoughts. In these three precepts Francis set the best example to his Brothers.

The third means for obtaining peace, which Francis pointed out to his disciples, was constant cheerfulness.

"Let those who belong to the devil hang their heads—we ought to be glad and rejoice in the Lord," said he. Melancholy was "the sin of Babylon," because it led back to the abandoned Babylon of the world. "When the soul is troubled, lonely and darkened, then it turns easily to the outer comfort and to the empty enjoyments of the world." Therefore Francis repeated over and over again the words of the Apostle: "Rejoice always!" He never wanted to see dark faces or sour visages—his Brothers should not be mournful hypocrites, but glad children of light. To those who asked how this was possible, he answered, "Spiritual joy arises from purity of the heart and perseverance in prayer!" Only sin and torpidity are able to extinguish or darken the light in the heart. "When the soul is cold," said Francis, "and gradually becomes untrue to grace, then it must be flesh and blood that are seeking their own!"

In recompense for this complete renunciation,

Francis accepted also perfect joy. There were times and hours when there was a perfect song within his soul, and he would begin at last to hum the melody he heard within himself, hum it in French as in the old days when he went out with Brother Giles to announce the Gospel. Clearer and clearer would the melody sound to him, and stronger and stronger did it rise in him,—next he would snatch up a couple of pieces of wood or two boughs, place one to his chin as if it were a violin, and draw the other one across it as the bow is used in playing the violin. Louder and louder would he sing, more and more eagerly did he carry out his imitation playing whose melody none but himself could hear, while he rhythmically rocked his body back and forth with the tune. Finally his feelings would overcome him, and letting the violin and bow fall he would burst into scalding tears, and sink into his own soul as into a great wave.

On the thirtieth of September, Francis with Brother Leo left Mount Alverna . . . heard Mass early in the morning with his Brothers in the little chapel, and gave them a last admonition. Then he took leave of each one in turn—of Masseo, Angelo, Silvestro, Illuminato. "Live

in peace, dearest sons, and farewell! My body is to be separated from you, but my heart remains with you. I go forth with Brother Little Lamb of God to Portiuncula, and I come back here no more! Farewell, Sacred Mountain: farewell, Mount Alverna: farewell, thou Angel Mountain! Farewell, dearest Brother Falcon, who used to wake me with thy screams, thanks for thy care of me! Farewell, thou great stone, beneath which I used to pray; thee I shall see no more! Farewell, Santa Maria's Church—to thee, Mother of Eternal Word, I commend these my sons." Whilst the Brothers who remained behind broke into lamentations, Francis went forth for the last time from the mountain, where so great a thing had befallen him. . . . He stopped on the top of Mount Casella, whence the last view of La Verna is to be had, and he dismounted and knelt down. And with his glance directed to the distant La Verna, that far away lifted its ridge up under the heavy autumn clouds, he made the sign of the Cross over it and broke out into a last farewell, a last thanksgiving and a last blessing.

"Farewell, thou mountain of God, thou holy mountain, *Mons coagulatus, mons pinguis, mons in quo beneplacitum est Deo habitare!* Farewell,

Mount Alverna God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, bless thee. Live in peace, but I shall never see thee more."

It was in the summer of 1225, and the blinding Italian sun had evidently been bad for Francis' eyes. For a time he was quite blind and was incidentally plagued by a swarm of field mice, who probably had their home in the straw walls of the hut, and who eventually ran over his face, so that he had no peace by day or night. Apparently never before had Francis been more depressed and unfortunate. And yet it was precisely in this wretched sickness, in the midst of the darkness of blindness and of the plague of mice, that he composed his wonderful masterpiece, *Canticum fratris solis,* the Canticle of our Brother Sun.

To understand the Sun Song we must understand Francis' relations to nature. Nothing would be more unjust than to call him a pantheist. He never confounded himself or God with nature, and the pantheist's alternations of wild orgies and pessimistic melancholy was quite foreign to him. Francis never, like Shelley, wished to be one with the universe; neither did he, with Werther or Turgenieff, shudder as feeling himself

abandoned to the blind inevitableness of things and to nature's "everlastingly ruminating monsters." Francis' standpoint as to the conception of nature is entirely and only the first article of faith—he believed in a Father who was also a *creator.*

And out of this common relationship with the one and same Father he saw in all living beings, yes, in all that is created, only brothers and sisters. In the kingdom of the heavenly Father there are many mansions, but only one family. This thought is not Greek, and is not German, it is true Hebraic and therefore truly Christian. The song of praise which Ananias, Azarias, and Misael sang in the fiery furnace of the Babylonian tyrant, and which has gone down to the Church, as it were an inheritance from the synagogue, contains the following:

"All ye works of the Lord, bless the Lord: praise and exalt him above all for ever.

O ye angels of the Lord, bless the Lord: . . .

O ye heavens, bless the Lord: . . .

O all ye waters that are above the heavens, bless the Lord:

O all ye powers of the Lord, bless the Lord: . . .

O ye sun and moon, bless the Lord: . . .

O ye stars of heaven, bless the Lord: . . .

O every shower and dew, bless ye the Lord: . . .

O all ye spirits of God, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye fire and heat, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye cold and heat, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye ice and snow, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye nights and days, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye light and darkness, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye lightnings and clouds, bless the Lord: . . .
O let the earth bless the Lord; let it praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye mountains and hills, bless the Lord: . . .
O all ye things that spring up in the earth, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye fountains, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye seas and rivers, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye whales, and all that move in the waters, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye fowls of the air, bless the Lord: . . .
O all ye beasts and cattle, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye sons of men, bless the Lord: . . .
O let Israel bless the Lord: let them praise and exalt him above all for ever.
O ye priests of the Lord, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye servants of the Lord, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye spirits and souls of the just, bless the Lord: . . .
O ye holy and humble of heart, bless the Lord: . . .
Blessed art thou in the firmament of heaven, and worthy of praise and exalted above for ever."

There is no tone missing in this symphony of all creatures, where all sing together in the great song of praise from cherubim to atom. Morning

after morning, year after year, Francis, alone or with the Brothers, had sung out of their Breviaries daily this hymn of all creatures to the Creator. The poetry of it had won him early; in 1213 he raised a little chapel between S. Gemini and Porcaria, and had sentences such as these painted on the antependium of the altar: "All who fear the Lord, praise Him! Praise the Lord, heaven and earth! Praise Him, all rivers! All creatures, praise the Lord! All birds of heaven, praise the Lord!" Francis' preaching to the birds at Bevagna is based on the same ideas: the birds are obliged to praise and bless their good Creator, who has cared so well for them; for all beings it is undoubted happiness to exist, and it is their simple, filial duty to thank their Father for life.

Francis' feelings about nature gave him a predilection for all that justified such an optimism. He turned with special joy to all the lightsome, beautiful and bright in his surroundings—to the light and fire, the pure running water, flowers and birds. This feeling about nature was half symbolic—Francis loved the water because it symbolized the sacred penitence by which the soul is purified, and because Baptism is effected by water. Therefore he had such great reverence

for water that, when he washed his hands, he turned so that the drops which fell could not be trod under foot. Over stones and rocky ground he went with special carefulness, while he thought of him who is called the chief corner-stone. The Brother who cut wood in the forest he ordered to leave a part of the tree standing, so that there might be some hope of its putting forth branches again—in honor of the Cross of Christ. He had the gardener arrange a bed where flowers would grow—to remind the Brothers of Him who is the Lily of Sharon.

But he possessed an entirely direct love of nature. Fire and light seemed to him so beautiful that he never could endure having a candle extinguished or a lamp put out. There was to be a place in the convent garden, not only for the kitchen vegetables, but also for the sweet-smelling herbs and for "our brothers the Flowers," so that every one who observed their beauty would be induced to praise God. He tenderly bent over the young of "our brothers the Robins" in Greccio, and in Siena built nests for turtle-doves. If he saw an earthworm lying on the road and twisting about helplessly, he would take it up and carry it to the side, so that it would not be

crushed. In winter he put honey into the hives for the bees to feed on.

Every being was for Francis a direct word from God. Like all pious souls he realized in the highest degree the worth of all things and had reverence for them as for something precious and holy. He understood God's presence among his creatures; when he felt the immovable firmness and strength of the cliffs and rocks, he directly felt that God is strong and to be trusted. The sight of a flower in the silence of the early morning or of the mouth of a little bird confidently opened revealed to him the pure beauty of God and his purity and the endless tenderness of the Creator.

This feeling infused Francis with a constant joy in God, an uninterrupted tendency to thankfulness. In these thanks all beings were to participate and were to appear to have pleasure therein. "Our Creator be praised, Brother Pheasant," thus Francis addressed the rare bird, which a well-wisher had sent him, and the pheasant stayed with Francis and did not want to be with anyone else. "Sing the praise of God, Sister Cicada," he exclaimed under the olive trees at Portiuncula, and Sister Cicada sang until

Francis bade it be silent. The wild animals often kept him company; for example, a hare on an island in Lake Thrasimene, a wild rabbit at Greccio. Near Siena he was surrounded by a flock of sheep; the gentle animals gathered around him and bleated, as if they wanted to tell him something. Sailing on Lake Rieti he was presented with a living fish; he put it into the water, and for a long time it followed the boat. A bird which was captured in the same place and given to him would not leave him until he explicitly commanded it to.

But above all things Francis was thankful for the sun—the sun and the fire. "In the morning," he was wont to say, "when the sun rises, all men ought to praise God, who created it for our use, for all things are made visible by it. But in the evening, when it is night, all men ought to praise God for Brother Fire, which gives our eyes light at night. For we are all like the blind, but God gives our eyes light by means of these two brothers."

The Sun Song had its origin in this idea. In his hut in San Damiano Francis lay like a blind man and could endure neither sunshine nor the light of a fire. And one night his sufferings were so great that he called out to God, "Lord help

me so that I can bear my sickness with patience!"

Then in spirit it was answered him: "Behold me, Brother; would you not be very glad if some one for these sufferings of thine gave thee so great a treasure that the whole world in comparison therewith is worth nothing?" And Francis answered, "Yes." But the voice went on, "Then be glad, Francis, and sing in your sickness and weakness, for the kingdom of heaven belongeth to thee!"

But Francis arose early the next morning and said to the Brothers who sat about him: "If the Emperor had given me the whole Roman kingdom, should I not be greatly rejoiced? But now the Lord, even while I am living here below, has promised me the kingdom of heaven, and therefore it is proper that I should rejoice in my trials and thank God the Father and Son and Holy Ghost. And therefore I will in his honor and for your comfort and the edification of our neighbors compose a new song of praise about the creatures of the Lord whom we daily make use of, and without whom we could scarcely live, and whom we nevertheless so often misuse and thereby offend the Creator. And we are constantly ungrateful and do not think of the grace

and beneficence which every day is shown us, and we do not thank the Lord, our Creator and the Giver of all good things, as we ought to do."

And Francis sat down and thought. A moment after he broke out in the first words of the Sun Song, *Altissimo, onnipotente, bon Signore,* "Highest, almighty, good Lord!"

But when the song was composed in full, his heart was full of comfort and joy. And he wished straightway that Brother Pacificus should take some other Brothers with him and go out into the world. And wherever they found themselves they were to stop and sing the new song of praise, and then as servants of God they should ask for compensation from their hearers, and the compensation should be that they who listened should be converted and become good Christians. But the Sun Song itself is this:

"Most high omnipotent good Lord,
Thine are the praises, the glory, the honor, and all benediction.
To thee alone, Most High, do they belong,
And no man is worthy to mention thee.
Praised be thou, my Lord, with all thy creatures,
Especially the honored Brother Sun,
Who makes the day and illumines us through thee.
And he is beautiful and radiant with great splendor
Bears the signification of thee, Most High One.

Praised be thou, my Lord, for Sister Moon and the stars,
Thou hast formed them in heaven clear and precious and beautiful.
Praised be thou, my Lord, for Brother Wind,
And for the air and cloudy and clear and every weather,
By which thou givest sustenance to thy creatures.
Praised be thou, my Lord, for Sister Water,
Which is very useful and humble and precious and chaste.
Praised be thou, my Lord, for Brother Fire,
By whom thou lightest the night,

And he is beautiful and jocund and robust and strong.
Praised be thou, my Lord, for our sister Mother Earth,
Who sustains and governs us,
And produces various fruits with colored flowers and herbage.
Praise and bless my Lord and give him thanks
And serve him with great humility."

"Praised be thou, O Lord, for those who give pardon for thy love and endure infirmity and tribulation,
Blessed those who endure in peace, who will be, Most High, crowned by thee."[11]

*

Brother Giles, one of the Poverello's first disciples, was always bright and cheerful, and when anyone spoke to him of God, he replied in a manner which betokened the great joy reigning

[11] He composed the last two verses later in order to make peace between the *podestà* and the Bishop of Assisi, who were in open strife; and he accomplished his purpose. (Tr.)

in his heart. Once he asked one of the Brothers: "Hast thou a good heart?" and when the Brother answered: "I do not know," Giles said: "Holy contrition, holy humility and holy joyfulness make the heart holy and good."

*

St. Clare (1194–1235), the most famous spiritual daughter of St. Francis, and Foundress of the Franciscan Nuns, in her imperturbable gladness and happiness resembled and indeed, equaled the Seraphic Father. When, during a grave illness, they spoke to her of patience, she answered with amazement that, from the time she had given herself to God, she had never had an opportunity to practise patience. "What thanks I owe God! Since with the help of His servant Francis I learned the bitter taste of His cup of suffering, I have not found anything in life capable of disturbing me."

*

St. Elizabeth of Thuringia (1207–1231) on the very night when she had lost everything and had been expelled from her castle, ordered a *Te Deum* to be publicly sung in the Franciscan Church. Of pious persons who wore sad faces she said, "They look as if they wanted to frighten God: we

ought to give God what we have with joy and happiness."

*

It is said of St. William (Archbishop of Bourges, 1200–1209) that his wonderful simplicity was united to very deep insight, and his cheerful countenance always reflected his inner peace. Despite his austere habit of life, he never lost that holy joyousness which is virtue's fairest adornment.

*

John Ruysbroeck (+ 1381), the famous mystic, who ranks next to Gerard Groote and Tauler, writes: "If you took all the pleasures of the world and made them into one and showered the whole of it upon one man, it would be nothing compared to the joy of which I speak; for in this case, God with all His purity, flows into the depths of us, and the soul not only is filled but overflows." [12]

*

God accustomed Blessed Henry Suso (+ 1365) to expect that as soon as a pain left him another would take its place. Thus God treated him al-

[12] *Rusbrock L'Admirable* (*Œuvres Choisies*). Traduit par Ernest Hello, Paris, 1869. (*L'ornement des noces spirituelles*, I, p. 9.)

ways, except once when he was left in peace, although not for long. "During this season of inaction he came to a nunnery, and, being asked by his spiritual children how things went with him, he replied:—I fear they are going very ill with me at present, and for this reason. It is now four weeks since anyone has attacked me in my person or my good name, quite unlike what used to happen to me; so that I fear lest God has forgotten me. Now he had not sat long with them at the grate when there came a brother of the Order, who called him out, and said:—I was a little while ago at a castle, and the lord of it asked after you, where you were, and he did this very savagely. And then he lifted up his hands, and swore before every one that wherever he found you, he would run a sword through you. The same thing was also done by several fierce soldiers, his kinsmen, and they have been searching for you in different monasteries round about in order to execute their evil designs upon you. Be warned, therefore, and take care of yourself, as you love your life." . . . "When the Servitor heard this tale, he replied:—Praised be God, and hastening back immediately to the grate, said to his daughters:—Be of good cheer, my children.

God has been mindful of me, and has not forgotten me." [13]

*

Suso himself bears witness to the fact that he ever had a tender heart: "All who ever came to me in sorrow, or aggrieved, always received some good counsel from me, which made them leave me joyful and consoled; for I wept with those who wept, and I sorrowed with those who were in sorrow, until, like a mother, I brought them round again. No one ever caused me any suffering however great, but if he only smiled kindly on me afterwards, it was all past and over in God's name, as if it had never been. O Lord, I will say no more about mankind, for I could not even see or hear the needs and sorrows of all the little birds and beasts and other creatures of God without being pierced to the heart thereby, and I used to pray the kind Lord of all to help them." [14]

*

Suso bids us listen to the sweet music played on the stretched cords of the man who suffers for

[13] *Life of Blessed Henry Suso*, Translated by Thomas Francis Knox, London, 1865, p. 133.

[14] *Ibid.*, p. 137.

God. How grand it sounds! How sweetly it rings out. What is it that seems most beautiful to the Blessed Trinity? It is a man who in poverty, shame, and misery, in sickness and spiritual destitution, amid all kinds of bitterness, inner and outer, and,—hardest of all,—under the yoke of obedience, can and does praise God heartily and gives thanks to Him with joy.[15]

*

Master Eckhart (+ 1327) recommends us to greet every pain in these words: Welcome, my one dear, trusted friend! I should hardly have expected thee here, nor have hoped to see thee. I bow to thee with all submissiveness.[16]

*

St. Catherine of Siena (1347–1380) loved nature and understood its sweet harmonies. When she saw a flowering meadow, she said to her companions with holy delight: "Do you not see how all these things adore God and speak of God? These red flowers show us so plainly the red wounds of Jesus Christ." In the spring time she sat down at the edge of the wood to listen to the singing of the birds and to catch all the mys-

[15] P. Fr. H. S. Denifle, *Das geistliche Leben. Eine Blumenlese aus den Mystikern des XIV Jahrhunderts.*[2] Freiburg, 1879, 311, 433.
[16] *Ibid.*, 182.

terious voices of living and sentient nature. The wind in the woods and the wild melodies of storm and water on the heights of the Apennines, were gathered up by her soul into a sigh and a prayer. One day, after having looked long at an ant-hill, she said: "These little creatures, like me, have come forth from the holy mind of God; they, with the buds and the blossoms, have been called into existence by Him who created the angels." Like all of Siena's daughters, she took great delight in music and, while doing needlework with her companions, sang pious folk-songs in honor of Christ and His Mother, pronouncing their holy names with such charm that the sweet sound lingered long in the ears of her listeners. Her glance and words gave out a pure fragrance that seemed to come from an angel rather than from a human being; and her face was always serene and happy.

*

St. Bernardine (1380–1444), Siena's most famous son, born in the year of St. Catherine's death, was a missionary and a zealous preacher of penance to his countrymen. Even during his childhood his playfellows used to say: "When Bernardine comes, weariness goes." And not only when he was a boy, but also when monk and

missionary, he was ever brimming over with genuine Sienese cheerfulness. Æneas Sylvius relates that his face was always cheerful, except when some public scandal weighed upon him. One of the brethren testifies that he was always gay, always laughing and jesting. This rather scandalized another brother, who later begged forgiveness before Bernardine's dead body when he saw the wonders that happened there.

*

"I tell you in truth," said The Friend of God (+ after 1419), "I also was once a man of the world, rich and universally beloved, and hence I am familiar with the common worldly joys, so prolific of evil. But I have also had a taste of God's grace and know how confidentially God deals with His friends here in this world. And I can say with truth that I myself have often in a single brief hour received from God more consolation and joy than if I had at the same instant all the consolations and all the joys the world can give. And I truly affirm that if the consolation and joy of the world were to continue until the end of time, yet in comparison with that one brief hour of divine consolation, they would be like a drop of water compared with the whole ocean." [17]

[17] Denifle, *op. cit.*, 395.

The book *Of Spiritual Poverty,*[18] written by an unknown mystic and falsely ascribed to Tauler, speaks as follows: "Good souls experience more delight and joy in a single day than all sinners ever experience. Their labor is pleasanter than the sinner's repose—which is little enough, for, although ever working and never resting, he gets no result from his work. But good men are always at rest,—not that they sit idle, but their work itself is rest. They have what Solomon sought in all things, rest.[19] But the sinner in all things has unrest. Let him eat, or drink, or sleep, or watch, all is painful. Do what he will, his heart never grows happy.

"Men who are truly upright have within them the source of all bliss and joy; and no sadness can enter into them, for the Eternal Word, the source of bliss and joy to all the angels and saints, penetrates them as it does the saints of heaven.

"Nothing gives more life to the soul than suffering. It destroys all that is perishable therein, and when all that can die is dead, then life remains there alone; and thus the greatest joy is born of the greatest suffering.

"Pain expels pain. When a man has gone

[18] Published by Denifle, Munich, 1877.

[19] *Ecclesiasticus* xxiv, 11.

through all suffering, then he is immune from further suffering and lives peacefully in Christ, that is to say, in true joy and repose of heart. But he who flies pain, will never be free of pain."

*

Notwithstanding his great mortification, St. Bonaventure (1221–1274) had upon his face a confident, cheerful light which could come only from interior peace. He wrote, "The best sign of indwelling grace is spiritual joy";[20] and again, "The heart that is free and joyful with good-will is better disposed for the reception of grace than the heart that is fettered with sadness and bitterness; for the Holy Ghost is the love and good-will and joy of the Father and the Son; and like naturally loves like."[21]

He died at the Second Council of Lyons and the Acts of the Council contain this record: "The Lord gave him a charm so fascinating that all who saw him fell in love with him at once."

*

St. Edmund, Archbishop of Canterbury (+ 1242), compared the afflictions of life to a milk prepared by God for the nourishment of the soul.

[20] *Spec. Discipl.*, p. 1, c. 2.
[21] *De Prof. Relig.*, L. II, c. 77 (al. 76).

"Their bitterness," said he, "is mingled with much sweetness and resembles wild honey given to feed the soul in the desert of this world."

*

The serenity and calmness of St. Louis of France (+ 1270) underwent a fiery test, when he lay dangerously ill, a prisoner among the Saracens in the Holy Land. Even then, however, peace never abandoned his soul for a moment; and his face wore so sweet a calm that the Saracens with amazement acknowledged him to be the bravest Christian they had ever seen.

*

Blessed John Colombini (+ 1367)—first a rich patrician and merchant of Siena, then a penitent, a preacher of penance, and the founder of the Jesuates—while traveling from place to place trained his disciples to enjoy nature in God. "Oh, you dear poor men of God!" said he, preaching in a woodland meadow carpeted with flowers, "how strictly we are bound to give thanks to God. Just think! We are allowed to live, to walk about in this beautiful warm sunshine, to see the clear blue sky and to breathe the fresh air. Look at the fair flowers so radiant and lovely in the bright sunshine,—white,

golden, orange, blue. If you were to destroy one of them, no artist in the whole world could restore it. Take one in your hand. See how finely the violet veins branch through the white calyx; how fair and rich and pure it all is! . . . O wondrous world! O beauteous world! O great, lovely, mysterious world! O Life! O Happiness! O Bliss! O Paradise!"

Suddenly, while still speaking, he sank down upon the grass and lay there as if lifeless. Then his disciples scattered over the flowering meadows and each brown figure gathered up many flowers. To the very farthest edge of the meadow they went, plucking, and plucking, and plucking again; then, returning to their master, they covered him over with their load of spring blossoms. First they covered all his face with a great heap of anemones and crocuses. Next they hid his brown cowl under masses of snow-white daisies. Then they buried his hands and feet in hills of blossoms until, at last, he was all flowers, and nothing could be seen but a gorgeous and fragrant range of flowery mountains. When after a long time Colombini awakened from his trance and opened his eyes, he found himself looking straight into the pure white and glowing red calices of the flowers, and with a laugh of de-

light he cautiously raised himself up. Then he embraced his disciples, gratefully pressing their hands, and with song, the little troop went forward on their wanderings. Even after a long stretch of road had been traversed, white anemones and daisies could still be seen hanging in the folds of Colombini's patched brown robe.

Jörgensen tells this other charming incident: Colombini had left his wife, Biagia, and sent her in her loneliness this comforting message: "I beg of thee, live not in sadness, but in joy. If there is any place that gives thee joy, then go thither, and enjoy thyself, so that it be in the Lord. Be always cheerful! The more cheerful we are, the easier it is to serve God. Christ rejoices in us; we should also rejoice in Him. Let us shun sadness and bitterness of heart which is a snare of the devil, and let us celebrate in our souls one long festival for Jesus Christ and for all mankind." [22]

*

It is said that St. Teresa (+ 1582) possessed a charming gayety, which made her admired and loved by everyone who came near her. Whenever possible, she exhorted others to practise this

[22] *Das heilige Feuer, eine Legende aus dem alten Siena,* Mainz, 1903.

sweet, uniform happiness, and urged them to go forward with peace and joy in the path of prayer.

She said: "We should strive to be cheerful and unconstrained; for there are people who think it is all over with devotion if they relax themselves ever so little."[23] She had an inner aversion for what she called the road of fear, —especially for the road of servile fear,—in the service of the Lord. In the Monastery of St. Joseph at Avila may still be seen a little flute and drum upon which she used to play like a child on holidays.

*

St. Philip Neri (1515–1595) whose wit, originality, and charming simplicity won Goethe's sympathetic interest, was all things to all men in Rome, from the Pope down to the children in the streets. He knew how to be scholarly with scholars; but he liked better to be childlike with children. On beautiful spring days he used to take the young people to the famous Tasso oak in the garden of St. Onofrio and lead their games. Children always had access to him and were at liberty to shout and romp about the house.

[23] *St. Teresa of Jesus: The Life, Relations, Maxims and Foundations Written by the Saint*, Edited by John J. Burke, C.S.P., New York, 1911, ch. xiii, 1.

When people wondered how he could stand it, he said, "I should be glad even to let them chop wood on my back, if they only kept free from sin." There is more pedagogical wisdom in this method than most people perceive. Of St. Philip's sayings and rules of conduct the following are noteworthy: "The true way to make progress in virtue is to preserve holy joyousness." "A cheerful mind strengthens the heart and makes one steadfast in good conduct; hence the servant of God must always be good-humored." "Charity with happiness, or charity with resignation, should be our motto always." "In the spiritual life it is much easier to lead the cheerful than the sad."

*

St. Felix of Cantalizio (1515–1587), a Capuchin Friar, was known all over Rome, where for over forty years he went about the streets gathering alms. He always had a happy face, and the phrase, *"Deo Gratias,"* was ever on his lips, not only in return for gifts, but also in return for contempt, ridicule, and abuse. On this account he came to be named "Brother Deogratias." When anyone mocked or insulted him, he used to answer, "May God make a saint of thee!"

*

St. Andrew Avellini (1521–1608) censured a self-centred and sad life, for "the soul is not pure and clear when the face is gloomy and the look mournful."

*

St. Francis de Sales (1567–1622) was as much a friend of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost as he was an enemy of sadness. To a soul that had let itself be possessed by sadness, he said: "Stand fast in peace and nourish your soul with the sweetness of heavenly love, for without it the heart has no life and life no blessedness. Yield not at all to sadness, for it is an enemy of piety. Why should anything trouble the servant of Him who will be our everlasting joy? Nothing should be capable of annoying or angering you, except sin. And even sorrow for sin must finally give way to holy consolation and sweet joy." He used to say, "A saint who is sorrowful is a sorry saint."

In one of his sermons he declares: "Man is for joy, and joy is for man; it alone can make man happy. I think that joy is not joy at all, unless it is in a man's possession. The human heart is so dependent upon joy that, without joy, it cannot find rest; and joy is true joy only inso-

far as it is possessed by the heart of man. God has created joy for the happiness of man and He has promised it surely and has bound Himself to bestow it, not because it is merited in any wise, but out of pure goodness and mercy."

"Live happily," he says in one of his letters, "the Lord sees thee and watches over thee with love and tenderness." And to a superioress he writes: "Live in holy joy with your daughters; by sincere kindness and loving advances, manifest your motherly heart, so that they may hasten joyously to you."

The more St. Francis suffered, says his friend, Bishop Le Camus of Belley,[24] the quieter he became,—like the palm tree which roots itself deeper the more it is swayed by the wind. Like Samson, he looked for honey in the lion's mouth; and he found peace in battle. Like the three children in the fiery furnace, he could draw dew out of the flames. He discovered roses amid thorns, pearls in the ocean's depths, oil within rock and sweetness in the bitterest of bitter things. Storms always blew him into some haven. From his very enemies he seized hap-

[24] The Bishop's work has been published in English.—*The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales.* By Jean Pierre Le Camus, Bishop of Belley. Translated by J. S., London, 1910.

piness and, like Jonas, he found safety in the whale's belly.

He himself said once: "For some time my quiet has been disturbed by opposition and secret persecution on all sides; but this gives me a peace unsurpassably sweet and lovely. It assures me of the approaching union of my soul with God, which I frankly admit to be not merely the chief, but the only, ambition and desire of my heart."

"Sometimes I tremble for fear that God is giving me my Heaven now, here below; for I really do not know what misfortune means. I never saw the face of poverty. Such sufferings as I have experienced were nothing but little scratches that hardly broke the skin. The calumnies cast upon me were crosses light as air, whose memory died with the sound of the voice that spoke them. How insignificant were all the accidents that have befallen me. On the other hand God has loaded me with many temporal and spiritual gifts, which I see before me at this moment."

For the preserving of joy and peace, it is important to heed the saint's warning that we should deal as lovingly and tenderly with our own stumblings as with our neighbor's falls;

that we should be patient not only with others, but also with ourselves.

*

St. Germaine Cousin of Toulouse (1579–1601), a shepherd-girl, was persecuted by her step-mother. Yet, when she gathered flowers in the meadows, when she looked at the silvery waters of the brook, at the broad fields, or at the ripening grain, when she picked up and petted a little bird fallen out of its nest, she found in all these things an occasion to adore the goodness and wisdom and power of the Creator. She admired with a pure heart whatever she saw in her solitude, from the plants quietly growing and adorning themselves with blossoms to the dazzling sun; and everything aroused in her a holy joy.[25]

*

St. John Berchmans, the Jesuit (1599–1625), possessed such exceptional cheerfulness that he was called "Saint Ever-Joyful" and was beloved of all.

*

St. Vincent de Paul (1576–1660), in the midst of contradictions, lost nothing of his customary

[25] *Edelsteine aus reicher Schatzkammer. Sammlung aus den Schriften von Alban Stolz.* Von H. Wagner, Freiburg, 1905, 260.

cheerfulness. His soul remained always the same and never gave way to gloom. He resigned himself to every dispensation of Providence joyfully and patiently; it was all the same to him whether he gave glory to God by bodily suffering or by activity and work.

*

It is recorded of many saints that the joy inundating their hearts during communion with God, became so abundant and overflowing that they themselves begged God to diminish it lest they should succumb.

St. Francis Xavier (+ 1552) on such occasions prayed: "It is enough, O Lord; it is enough. Lord, do not give me so much consolation in this life." From the island of Moro, a wild desert place, where he was in need of everything, he wrote to St. Ignatius: "These dangers and these voluntary toils, undertaken in the service of God, are an inexhaustible treasury of benedictions to me. Truly this is just the country to make me lose my eyesight in a few years' time, so frequent are the streams of sweet tears of joy called forth by a superabundance of divine comfort; nor do I remember ever to have experienced so much of

this in any other place; nor have I ever suffered less from my labors than I do here." [26]

St. Philip Neri, too, at these floodtides of joy used to pray: "It is enough, Lord; it is enough; I beg Thee, check the torrent of Thy consolations. Depart from me, O Lord, depart from me. I am a mortal man, unable to support such an overflow of heavenly bliss. I die, O my God, if Thou dost not hasten to my help."

*

Abraham of Santa Clara (1644–1709) says in a sermon: "Melancholy is the devil's own nurse; gayety is God's housekeeper. God does not like melancholy people. They are next of kin to death, for Melancholy is Death's sister. I like pleasant people; they have a sure mark of God's presence with them and in them. The man with a good conscience will always be happy; he will be tranquil on all occasions, secure in all dangers, comfortable in all hardships. He will laugh in all circumstances, sing at everything, and always be gay."

*

Blessed Crescentia of Kaufbeuren (1682–1744) was especially happy and contented when

[26] *Life of St. Francis Xavier.* From the Italian of D. Bartoli and J. P. Maffei, New York, 1889, p. 230 f.

she received evil in return for good, ingratitude for affection, rudeness and insult for benefits. She felt that then she had made a twofold gain, because to the opportunity of practising active love was added the opportunity of practising passive love by suffering. To her sisters she said: "We must do as the bees which suck only honey out of everything, whereas the spiders extract poison."

*

Pius X, although brought up in poverty, was always cheerful and happy in his boyhood. Later, as a poor curate, and then as a pastor, he lost none of his good humor. When he was rector of the Seminary of Treviso, they used to say: "No place is more pleasant than where Sarto is." As bishop and also as patriarch, he always had a happy spirit and radiated the sunshine of good cheer. Perhaps the cares of the papacy have banished cheerfulness and jollity, but in his goodness and friendliness the old happiness still sometimes flashes out.

XIII

MORE JOY

Men, Brothers, what shall we do? If this question does not suggest itself to the readers of the foregoing considerations, I have written in vain. But if, as I hope, this question is raised by many a noble heart solicitous about joy, then the answer must surely be made in the words of St. Peter on Pentecost: "Do penance . . . and you shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."[1] —that is, true joy will become your portion. Here again, as above, the true motto of progress is "Go Back!" Not back to the old times when there were no machines, no factories, no railways nor telegraphs nor power houses, no coffee nor newspapers; but back to religion, to Christianity, to the spirit of faith, to a serious view of life, to abstinence and self-conquest, to honesty, loyalty, love,—to all those higher things so scornfully regarded by modern men, vain of their culture and insane on the subject of education.

[1] *Acts* ii, 38.

Men have paid for their blunders by being almost totally deprived of joy. Nothing but a return to a true estimate, a conscientious appreciation of these higher goods and forces can again quicken the dying pulse of life's joy.

Leave us in peace who champion Christianity, faith, morality. You have need of us, for you have need of joy, and we are the purveyors of joy. To attack us is not only foolish, but fatal to joy. Leave us alone, if not for the sake of the salvation of souls, which means nothing to you, at least for the sake of hygiene, which you regard as all-important; if not for lofty, eternal motives, to which you are indifferent, then for the sake of joy, which you cannot belittle. If you have no taste for religious, spiritual joys and can no longer summon sufficient energy of mind and will to return to the spirit of faith and to Christian conduct, yourselves, at least leave the people alone and leave them their joy. Away, with your adulterated, poisonous, artificial wine of joy; it makes men dizzy and sick at heart and less happy than before. Keep it for yourselves and drink yourselves into fever with it, if you wish, but let the people have their joy and keep it. You cannot make them happy;—we can.

We who although divided in faith, are united

in accepting Christ as the Son of God, our Savior and Redeemer, and are anxious to lead men to Him and make them happy in Him, let us put a stop to our senseless fratricidal war. Were there no other motive, then merely for the sake of joy, we ought to end it. The energy and time it consumes are lost to joy; and the war itself is so directly destructive of joy that it should be terminated speedily at any cost.

In a general way we have actually beheld and in further detail we may calculate what bitterness, coldness, estrangement, suffering, and sorrow have been introduced into the world during recent years by this religious war. Let us end it, or it will prove the disgrace of the century. We can certainly end it,—not however, by clamors and investigations which only pour oil on the fire, nor by asking, "Who began it?" but by demanding, "Who will stop it?"; not by denying our faith and neglecting our duty, but by never despising or attacking our neighbors because of their faith or their fulfilment of duty; not by surrendering our rights and abandoning our point of view, but by never encroaching upon the rights of our brethren; not by letting our religious zeal grow cold through association with men of other beliefs, but by recognizing and emulat-

ing their zeal; not by tolerating people of different creeds, but rather by loving them. How much joy could be added to life by such a means!

This is true on a large scale and in a general way. To the individual, suffering for want of joy and sincerely asking, "What shall I do?", we answer: "Seek not joy, after the manner of the world, in dance-halls and saloons, in alcohol, in filthy sin, in lewdness and ambition. You will never find it there." Every unclean worldly joy must be paid for by the renunciation of a true joy. St. Bernard says that no kind of misery is worse than false joy. Seek joy where it can be found,—in the narrow path of duty, on the highway of Christian conduct, in the mountain air of faith, in the sunshine of love, in the healthy atmosphere of hard work. "Only do your work," says Goethe, "and joy will come of itself." Thus you will find joy. You need not take this on faith. If you wish, you may at once experience it; you may yourself test and enjoy it.

XIV

LITTLE JOYS

We cannot afford to wait until mankind has again returned to a reasonable, sound, Christian conception of life and Christian conduct, and has thus spontaneously acquired the joy it needs. Joy itself will accelerate this return, will be a remedy effecting and quickening the cure. There is so much that can and should be done to produce and diffuse joy. Everyone has an opportunity to help by sowing good seed and planting sturdy shoots in his own little garden and in the garden of many another.

This opportunity comes from the fact that the deficit of joy need not, and indeed cannot, be met by the large offerings of the few. It calls for the small offerings of the many. It is not a matter of boisterous festivals, brilliant fireworks, and regimental band-concerts; nor of streams of alcohol and million-dollar palaces for entertainment and amusement; nor even of popular comedies and jokes that provoke roars of laughter. Those

noisy things act for the instant, momentarily quickening life's pulse, but not enlarging its content of joy. A hundred little joys are worth a thousand times more than one big joy—as a gentle rain soaks deeper into the earth than a cloudburst. Moreover, little joys involve but small danger of abuse and of transformation into suffering. In a great joy these are constant dangers. Nothing is harder to stand than a succession of perfectly happy days.

"Whether the well is big or small,
Thou needest not to care at all;
From either comes refreshment sure,
If it holds water good and pure."

Little joys! For these one requires neither riches, nor rank, nor honor, nor fame. Increase of the gold capital does not always imply increase of the joy capital. The wealthy man has many more joy-destroyers than the poor man. When our needs are few, joy is assured; it becomes an impossibility, if we are insatiable. Thriftiness, when free from avarice, is joy's best friend.

The little joys! He who, instead of despising, knows how to appreciate and to use them, will never lack for joy. The field of life is never so stony and hard that it does not yield each day some little blossoms of joy. But often these are

invisible to the pessimist; or they are trampled rudely under foot by ill humor and vexation, and the sick heart, instead of getting refreshment from them, consumes itself in feverish longing for great joys which are rare, for great prizes that are never won, for the kind of luck that makes a man a Crœsus overnight—in story-books. Small wonder that a heart like this never attains its aim. It is always unhappy, not because there is actually no joy in life, but because little joys are not appreciated, and the violet blooming beside the way is passed by unnoticed.

If thy life is very dark, is this not perhaps owing to the fact that all the blinds are drawn? Many a man is so hardened and calloused by egotism, that no light from above, no warm ray from without, can penetrate his soul. To those who think their supposed merits are never sufficiently rewarded with gold or honor or joy, Carlyle addresses these blunt words:

"I tell thee, Blockhead, it all comes of thy vanity, of what thou fanciest those same deserts of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot; fancy that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a luxury to

die in hemp. . . . Make thy claim of wages a zero; then thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the wisest of our time write: 'It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin.' "[1]

Sunny natures—and all Christians should be children of the sun—rejoice at each ray of light, whether it shines down out of the clear sky of happiness, or glows for an instant through the mist of laborious life, or breaks out from amid dark clouds of poverty. How many motives for rejoicing, such people have every day! If healthy, they do not take this stolidly as if it had to be so; they rejoice at the blessing and realize its worth. They do not look on little disturbances of health as if they were tragedies; nor do they let a little nervousness put them out of humor. With strong resolution and quiet patience, they break off the tip of each poisoned arrow. Even in really grave illness, they are not wholly without joy. First of all, they have faith, hope and charity to keep them company; and they busy themselves even in the sick-room, laying out very fragrant flowers into a little garden of joy.

They are not continually fretting because

[1] *Sartor Resartus*, Bk. II, ch. 9.

thorns always accompany roses, but rejoicing that roses are to be found amid the thorns. They do not complain that two nights enclose each day, but are glad that two days enclose each night. Practice makes them masters of the art of rejoicing; they are explorers, landscape artists, in the world of joy. A beautiful tree, a quiet vale, hills and woods, the song of the birds, the marching of the clouds, conversation with simple and noble souls, bring to them truer, fuller joy than others get from long journeys, wonderful scenery, boisterous gatherings and amusements. How many joys they find daily and hourly in prayer, in faith, in good thoughts. They know how to get at the friendly side of everything. No cloud is so black that they cannot find its silver lining. Out of a thousand individual pleasures, natural and supernatural, they store up a permanent reserve fund of joy on which they can live, if for a longer or shorter period, their individual joys give out. This reserve fund yields them a sort of interest by means of which they easily tide over the numberless inconveniences, troubles and annoyances which are insuperable to many persons, that is, to the kind of persons who keep tight hold of noxious plants and deliberately suck poison out of them, instead

of throwing them away and drawing little drops of honey out of the blossoms of joy.

In advanced old age, which is rarely free from special trials, this reservoir feeds the clear springs that bubble up joyfully whenever thought digs into the soil of the past.

In medicine the efficacy of minute doses is coming to be more and more recognized; and in the spiritual art of healing, minute joys are of especial importance.

> "What from thee little joys doth take,
> From thee takes great delight,
> A thousand narrow by-paths make
> The road to heaven's height." [29]

[2] E. M. Arndt.

XV

JOY AND GRATITUDE

Always to be happy is an art, and not a very difficult one. It consists merely of training one's self to perceive, appreciate, and thankfully utilize little joys. The eye and the heart must be kept open, otherwise thousands of joys will never be noticed and, of course, will yield nothing. We must not let our hearts get abnormally hardened or enlarged, as will surely happen if we give free rein to the desire for sensual joy, the search for sensual gratification. To indulge this hunger and feverish thirst will so deaden the appreciation of spiritual joy that nothing but an immoderate amount of sensuous pleasure will ever satisfy us. Self-control has to keep a firm hand on the heart, regulate its cravings and desires, and train it to be content with little joys.

An excellent practical means to this end is the cultivation of gratitude and the practice of thanksgiving. Indeed, if we develop in ourselves the sense of gratitude, and for all the good things daily bestowed on us give hearty thanks to the

Heavenly Father from whom comes every best gift,[1] then we shall never again be without joy, for along the path of life we shall discover new joys constantly blossoming and perceive perennial joys previously unnoticed. What a man prizes, he is grateful for; and what he sincerely gives thanks for, he knows how to value and esteem.

True and profound is Foerster's statement: "Whenever the social structure creaks and groans, and the joints begin to loosen, this is undoubtedly the result of a want of gratitude somewhere."[2] We may add: If there is so great a lack of joy in human life to-day this is owing to the fact that thankfulness has in great measure been excluded from many hearts, having been wilfully and deliberately drowned in the floods of bitter discontent. Thankfulness and joy are near of kin; and ingratitude is the root of much unhappiness. St. Paul, the Apostle, a keen psychologist, well knew what he was saying when to his earnest exhortation, "Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say, rejoice," he immediately added an exhortation to "prayer and supplication with thanksgiving."[3]

[1] *St. James* i, 17.
[2] *Jugendlehre*, 380.
[3] *Philippians* iv. 6.

XVI

JOY AND EDUCATION

To utilize little joys is particularly important and effective in the lives of children. Children are so delicately organized in soul and body that great joys, extraordinary pleasures, costly presents, are rarely good for them; and never good except when rare. On the other hand, little gifts, little rays of joy, are very necessary for their proper development. The child has naturally a fine sense for little joys; but this sense may easily be deadened, as to-day, alas, very often happens. If we but understand and love children, we can really create their joys out of nothing. In this respect the mother is the best gardener of all; she can make the child shout with delight at flowers of joy developed out of a mere nothing, or at least, out of worthless and lifeless matter. The smallest gift, a plaything, a crust of bread, a blossom, accompanied with a glance such as a mother's eye alone can give, or with a word such as comes only from a mother's lips,

will fill the child with bliss, will make him king of the whole earth, will place him, at least for a moment, at the goal of all his wishes.

Even the serious nature, the stern strict character, of the authority proper to father and teacher does not exclude opportunities of bringing joy into the life of the child. Here also love discovers a thousand ways of manifesting itself and of illuminating the child's heart with its clear radiance. And these little joys of mind and body, provided for the child by the love of mother or father or teacher, retain their sweetness, charm, and fragrance, into the years of youthful maturity,—and even longer, when the heart is good.

To-day in our method of teaching,—theoretical, as well as practical,—there still remains this defect, that the significance of joy in the healthy development of the child from the first dawn of consciousness is not sufficiently appreciated; that the great service performed by this friendly auxiliary in the difficult work of education and training, is much less valued and utilized than it deserves to be. Schiller calls the mother's lap the holy island where grief and care cannot find the child.[1] "Like the eggs of songbirds and the

[1] *Epigr.* 73.

newborn nestlings of the dove," says Jean Paul, "so all at first require just warmth. And what is warmth for the human nestling? Joyousness. It brings out the young faculties like rays of morning light; it is the climate in which everything thrives but poison." [2]

This means of education is auxiliary to that of correction and discipline, which it should always soften and balance, so as to counteract any hardening or depressing influences. The two so belong together, that strictness without joy accomplishes nothing and joy without strictness causes degeneration and ruin. In dealing with well-behaved children who have been properly trained and refined from their earliest years, this may serve as a rule: Things impressed on the child's mind and heart, by means of joy, abide longer in memory and sink deeper into the disposition and the very character, than things impressed painfully by the strokes of the rod,—provided always that the importance of education and the authority of the educator are not disregarded.

Foerster applies to unfeeling teachers Cavour's saying, "Any ass can govern with martial law." The higher type of teacher or

[2] *Levana.*

educator, by means of the psycho-physical method, that is with a sunbeam of joy or with a word and a glance, can get as good results as another with blows,—and he is likely to get more. The teacher who knows how to impart joy and instruction at the same time has won the day. Joy is a truer ally and better assistant than the rod could ever be. When we succeed in having the child enjoy prayers, divine worship, work, acts of self-denial and charity, then his education has reached the heights; character will develop spontaneously thereafter.

Special attention must be directed to one particular source of joy, of moral and bodily profit, of healthy youthful happiness and gayety, namely, physical exercise,—games, gymnastics, walks and, within reasonable limits, sport. Here we are in youth's own domain. This source of joy must be carefully considered in an age when, for many obvious reasons, a weak, stunted, sickly generation is growing up, unable to use its feet, incapable of finding pleasure in long walks and strenuous marches. Much suffering comes from this fact; and youth loses much solid joy on this account. The best of all means for the strengthening of the organism, is left unused; the best means for imparting a refreshing interest to

life's journey is ignored; and so the faculty of observing and appreciating nature becomes atrophied, the body drags on a lazy, sickly existence, and the mental and moral life begins to dry up.

It displayed great practical wisdom on the part of Pius X when, in 1905, he threw open the Vatican Gardens for the athletic exercises of the Catholic Young Men's Associations and, with his household, attended the ball games, races, and gymnastic performances of thousands of youths, and bestowed on the victors two hundred gold and silver medals. He also gave them this sound advice: "Young people should love outdoor exercise: it benefits both their bodies and their souls. We feel young again, even at seeing them run and jump and amuse themselves." In these words there speaks the spirit of St. Philip Neri. It would be well if their practical implications were taken to heart by educators of the young, and especially by the heads of trades unions, apprentice associations, and the like; so that both in summer and in winter youthful bands might be led away from saloons and taverns to the woods and fields for drill and exercise, for walks and excursions. That would develop a happy generation of young people.

It is told of a saint that once, as he was playing

ball with his friends, the subject of death was introduced, and each one asked the other what should be done if the last moment of life were then suddenly to be announced. The saint answered differently from everyone else by saying: "For my part I would keep on with the ball-game, because I began it for the love of God." St. Charles Borromeo answered in much the same way when asked the same question during a game of chess.

In their discipline and routine all academies, boarding schools, and educational establishments should certainly utilize the excellent pedagogical instrument of exercise, rich in hygienic and moral value and full of irrepressible joy. All such institutions ought to be able to stand the test of happiness. A school which does not make satisfactory provision for the natural, innocent, healthy, light-heartedness of its young inmates, deserves to be closed. If it has not the spirit of happiness, it is without the right spirit, it is without the Holy Spirit.

Joy should not be lacking even in those refuges of depraved and neglected youth which we call by the horrid modern name of "reformatories." Admittedly this kind of education is the hardest of all. Heaven and earth are contending for the

possession of these poor creatures, and in the bad cases, hell has its victims already branded in both soul and body and locked in the iron clamps of habit. Firmness and mildness, punishment and severity, natural and supernatural helps and joys must strive with endless patience to loosen the bonds, lift the ban, and break through the triple armor of malice, shamelessness, and moral helplessness.

Here also, experience shows that severity alone simply accelerates the hardening process, and that kindliness and joyousness are more effectual than the strictest discipline. Of course, the right method is to combine kindness and strictness, but we must not be too niggardly in fixing the proportion of joy. Since it is force alone that keeps the inmates in these houses, and since the natural reaction against force produces distrust, obstinacy, hatred, and defiance towards the heads and overseers, therefore no educative result can be obtained unless the feeling of hostility gradually changes into trustfulness. Such trustfulness will be brought about only by much love; and love is manifested most winningly through friendliness and the giving of joy.

For such manifestation, there is ample opportunity in the routine of the institution. These

poor creatures, in their sad lives, have, as yet, perhaps, very seldom met true, pure joy. Possibly, from their very childhood, they have known no other means of enjoyment than alcohol and sin. Punishment and misery have swung the rod over them, making them miserable, embittering their lives. Plainly then, in order that the poor little heart may be lifted off the rack of a guilty conscience, raised up out of its fear and terror, and gradually brought back to joy, it must first be taught to breathe freely, to believe in itself and in men, to expand with a new hope, to take delight again in nature, to seek and to prize the heavenly joys of God's forgiveness and grace. When its life is again free, when the warm sunshine of joy again penetrates its soil, many good instincts that have been wrapped in winter sleep, will reawaken, and there will be hope of a fruitful education.

Even through the bolted doors and barred windows of prisons and reformatories, the angel of joy must enter. What a mission there is in such places for natural and supernatural joy. Note the highly interesting information imparted by Foerster: "Alongside one of the biggest prisons in America, there is now building a gigantic hothouse for all kinds of plants, in order that the

prisoners may learn and practise horticulture. It is an old observation that even the most brutal prisoners undergo a softening influence, if allowed to take care of a flower. At first they do it merely to pass the time, but little by little they come to enjoy it; and while they are carefully watering and trimming the plant, pruning its dead leaves, and providing it with sunshine, something within themselves that has long seemed dead comes to life again,—it is joy in service, joy in the bloom of things, care for others."[3]

How instructive an undertaking! How deserving of our imitation! To succeed in thus planting a slip of joy in one of these outcast lives and to develop it into a tree, is to have saved a soul and to have given back to society a useful member. In these attempts, due consideration should always be given to the spiritual physician of the soul who imparts the most holy and most helpful joys; he must always be allowed free access and wide influence. Sundays and holidays ought to be essentially different from working days; they should be real days of joy. Divine service should be as solemn as possible and, during the service, music and singing should inter-

[3] *Jugendlehre*, 515.

rupt the frightful monotony of prison life. Carefully selected reading that will elevate and cheer, should distract the mind from dark thoughts and designs, and a religious picture should shed a friendly ray upon the lonely prisoner in his cell.

XVII

JOY THROUGH JOY

The foregoing leads us naturally to the most important point of all. Noble Christian souls find no greater joy than that of giving joy to others. In this both self-interest and charity are consulted and reconciled. No higher pleasures can be contrived, no sweeter ones enjoyed, than those which we invent for others and enjoy with them. The gifts of joy we bestow upon others are given back to us again with interest, and raised in value.

What is happiness? To make others happy. What is joy? To give joy to others. If this were the firm conviction of a vast number, and if it became deeply rooted through pleasant experience of its truth, unquestionably, the entire deficit of joy would be very quickly made up and joy itself would grow greater and greater. That would rid us of many an enemy of joy and would, at least partially, settle the social problem. It would save us from the most prevalent error and

the worst sin of the age, that reckless egotism which represents itself as a principle of progress, although in fact it is a most unfortunate reversal,—a sort of miserable weakling that poses as a hero and calls sympathy and pity unmanly. Such a conviction would infuse a great warm stream of love into our chilled social life. It would teach us the art of adding little nosegays of love to our gifts and alms, instead of giving a few things and upbraiding much, as the son of Sirach says.[1] It would make us skilful in the art of quietly sowing little seeds of joy in the lives of our relatives and of all with whom we come in contact; and also, in the art of introducing joy into the sick room, the hospital, and the asylum; and finally, in the art of preparing for the people joys that are free from alcohol,—an activity much more important than the preparation of non-alcoholic beverages, since it is usually the soul's unsatisfied craving for joy, and not physical thirst that drives the victims of intemperance to the slaughter.

As a matter of fact, the invention of joys would be far more of a blessing to mankind than many technical improvements; and in this field anyone can be an inventor. Such we really be-

[1] *Ecclesiasticus* xx, 15.

come, the moment we boldly step outside the narrow circle of selfishness and get accustomed first to think of others besides ourselves, and then of others more than of ourselves. To do this, we need not be rich or learned; one thing only is necessary, namely, that we be truly and heartily kind. This kindness, this cordial desire to please others, quickly imparts a brightness to the face, a soft light to the eyes, a music to the voice, so that wherever we go we take with us real joy.

If the intention of pleasing others were to rule our tongues, to inspire our speech and conversation, what a blessing that would be! How much empty gossip and idle chatter would be done away with! How greatly conversation would be elevated and refined. Then, the little tongue, capable of utterly destroying joy, would become joy's most noble and powerful organ. Instead of squirting poison into human lives, instead of twisting an unsuspecting neighbor's words into invisible snares to draw him to his ruin, instead of bandying angry, deceitful, or lewd phrases, the tongue would then work real miracles and create whole new worlds of joy. For fortunately, joy is even more infectious than melancholy; and a friendly, cheerful word at the right moment may prove the door to salvation.

It is surely true, as Foerster says, that the most dangerous weakness of our age is its tendency to overrate the practical efficiency of sternness and harshness,—police-methods, in a word,—and to underrate the practical efficiency of courtesy and generosity. In the following weighty observations he indicates the value of friendliness as a social and industrial factor: "Often in the list of industrial advertisements we see the notice—'*Wanted, an energetic engineer.*' Unfortunately, this is not meant to refer to the type of man who is strong enough and brave enough to unite perfect kindness and personal modesty with inexorable firmness of management. It means a man energetic in a barking, biting, sheep-dog way, which involves the degradation of the wage-earner and the complete destruction of all real joy in labor and service. Let us not forget that a great deal of bitterness is due to the fact that men have a deep need of joy in obeying. They get angry at a brutal foreman, not because he curtails their freedom, but because he makes joyful obedience impossible for them and remains blind to the fact that they will obey orders only as men and not as beasts. . . . Just as one insulting word can often cause an individual or a whole group to rebel, so likewise a single word

of appreciation or even a respectful tone, combined with the strictest discipline, can effect miracles of devotedness and of joy. Dostojewski, speaking of the effect of kindness in the Siberian prisons, says: 'I have met kindly, good-natured officers and have noticed the influence they exercised. A few friendly words, and at once the prisoner morally revived. They were as delighted as children and like children they began to love.' "[2]

In the art of giving joy to others, special efficacy must be conceded to friendship, which, as a noble author says, came upon earth at seeing the first man suffer, in order to comfort him, to dry his tears, to protect him, to help him carry life's burdens, to weep at his death and to assure him of a faithful remembrance.[3]

[2] *Christentum und Klassenkampf*, Zürich, 1908, pp. 163 ff.

[3] A. M. Lüttwitz, *Wo ist das Glück? Aphorismen*, Freiburg, 1910, 182.

XVIII

ART AND JOY

To find one's own joy in creating joy for others, —this opens up a whole new world of the noblest, purest, keenest joys, which have great social significance, because they imply the co-operation of at least two persons, and often of hundreds. Were art dominated by this motive, were its chief purpose to increase the common store of human joyousness, then it might hope to grow strong and young and to renew itself again, for the indispensable sympathy between art and the people would spontaneously reappear. That this sympathy has been lost is not to be wondered at, when from a safe distance modern art keeps crying out: *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo,*—"The common herd I hate and keep away." Brush and chisel are guided by Nietzsche's ideas of the Superman and the Arrogance of Genius,—apparently so full of power, but in reality empty and rotten. The people will never demand anything from an art which demands nothing from

them,—they have too much character, too much loftiness and dignity to do that. Art has greater need of the people than they have of art. If it ceases to draw vital energy from the people as its soil, it is surely doomed to decay.

Hence art should consider it an honor to be allowed to work for the people. It should find its greatest joy in delighting the popular heart and in using its splendid powers to make up mankind's immense deficit of joy. To paint for the sake of painting is an impossible programme. "Art for art's sake" is an empty phrase. *Et prodesse volunt et delectare poetae,*—"Poets wish both to profit and please," is an axiom that holds good in every branch of art. An art which asks, but does not give; which demands the blind bestowal of recognition, reward and admiration; which is neither willing nor able to teach, instruct or delight, has missed its vocation and forfeited its rights, especially in these days when everyone wears the badge of social duty. "All literature, art and science," says Ruskin,[1] "are vain and worse, if they do not enable you to be glad; and glad justly." [1]

In an age, called the "Social Age," which thinks itself the discoverer of social duty and so-

[1] *The Eagle's Nest*, Lect. IX, p. 177.

cial virtue, it is impossible that an art should flourish which asks nothing of society and repudiates all social obligation and co-operation. Art itself is the main loser by this exclusiveness. An art which exists for its own sake is just about as successful as a man who lives for his own sake, —both grow sour, dry up and wither away with egotism, neither possessing nor creating joy. Having no good aim in life, such art gets no joy from living or creating. It loses all joy, because it has forgotten its noblest mission, namely, to give joy. We can offer no better advice than that it should abandon this cold, chill, lonely, stupid policy, go boldly out of itself and mingle again with the people in friendliness and kindliness and love. Let it declare with Antigone: "I am here to take part in loving, not in hating," —"I am here to relieve, not to intensify misery, to prevent, not to increase suffering." Then we shall soon have a popular art, for which the people will be very, very thankful, one which will provide a corrective for our degenerate art and literature.

Art should, of course, not confine its attention to the cheerful aspects of life, nor merely entertain and amuse. But it should create and present only what is adapted to make the life of the

people freer, safer, loftier, nobler, stronger, and consequently, happier. It should not, for the sake of a few dissolute rakes and "good fellows," alienate and scandalize the multitude. It should not dare to offer the people husks of swine as food of joy, nor excite low instincts which inject poison and unhappiness into life. In all its work it must consider the people, keep in touch with them, and do them good. And even if it remembers and observes all this, it will have no call to grow conceited; for it will always be getting from the people more than it can give. It will send a sturdy, living root down deep into the rich soil of folk-life; and the folk will open up and expose their inmost soul to it and share with it their inexhaustible capacity for faith, morality, sound thinking, strong willing, in a word the whole kingdom of genuine poetry, that is theirs by right.

For God and for the people! This is the motto especially of religious and ecclesiastical art, which should merit the praise bestowed upon Phidias by an old writer: "If a man's soul is heavy-laden and he is so afflicted with the many cares and sufferings of life, that even sweet sleep no longer refreshes him, he will, I think, in the presence of this statue (of Zeus) forget every-

thing in existence that is burdensome or terrifying. Such is the work which thou, Phidias, hast conceived and executed; thus splendid is the brightness of thy art."[2] The Christian painter has a model greater, truer, more full of joy than the Zeus of Phidias.

[2] Dio Chrysostom.

XIX

JOY AND THE CARE OF SOULS

In the eighteenth century the noble-minded Ambroise de Lombez, addressed these words to priests: "Above all things, joy belongs to the state and duties of the minister of the Lord, the priest who serves the altar of God; he, of all others must make himself all things to all men; he, of all others, must avoid the littleness of cowardly fear, the caprice of a bad temper, and the gloom of melancholy. It is his special duty to honor religion by the nobility of his conduct; to show by his behavior, even more than by his conversation, that virtue has nothing savage or harsh about it; and to draw all the world to the practice of it by the sweetness and gentleness of his manners. Especially should he endeavor to make timid and anxious souls understand that God has not called them to a state of hard slavery, but rather to a holy freedom; that where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, and that their perplexities and fears stand in the way of

that holy liberty.[1] The more anxious and frightened such souls are, the more do they stand in need of the loving compassion of the priest of God. Let him impress upon them that the spirit of liberty and holy joy is the source of happiness even in this life,[2] and that it increases in proportion to our progress and virtue, just as when we ascend mountains, the air becomes purer as we mount higher, and our bodies feel lighter and more at ease."[3]

We, to whom God has entrusted the beautiful office of caring for souls, are intimately persuaded that our office includes an obligation to provide joy, and we may apply to ourselves all that is said to teachers, trainers of youth, and leaders of organizations. To help us put it all in practice, we have means, energy and gifts such as no one else possesses. Even our strictly pastoral activities,—teaching, preaching, and administering the Sacraments,—form a most important, valuable, and in fact indispensable help in saving and enlarging mankind's store of joy. Even when we preach penance, as our office requires, and insist upon renunciation, self-conquest, temperance and purity, even then, and es-

[1] *II Corinthians* iii. 17.
[2] *St. James* i, 25.
[3] *Op. cit.*, pp. 36-37.

pecially then, we are working on the side of true joy and against its enemies.

At a time like this we have to be careful lest frequent sad experiences, depressing cares and apprehensions, and all the present wretchedness should influence us unduly to suppress the tone of joy in our preaching, catechizing, and exhorting; and lest pessimism should get a grip on our life and vocation with its "dead hand" which despoils, kills, and sterilizes everything it touches. We have to be careful to maintain that healthy, vivifying optimism which the saints never lost.

If, although sowing earnestly and zealously, we are yet not reaping a proportionate harvest, we should ask, "Has the sunshine of joy perhaps been wanting?" And if, despite every effort, the relation of pastor and flock is neither close nor cordial, might not a little more joyousness provide what is necessary? Let us remember that we should never uproot evil without at the same time planting good. To uproot evil, hail and storm and thunder are serviceable, and sometimes even necessary; but for sowing and planting, it is not a tempest, it is rather much sunshine that we need.

"But men are incredibly indifferent and irre-

sponsive!" In that case, let us do as suggested in an Evangelical pastor's very readable meditations on his office: "The earth stared up at the sun, barren and lifeless. 'Then I must shine with still more warmth and friendliness,' was the sun's response." [4]

Not only should we joyfully discharge our duties, preaching and catechizing with joy, but we must also preach upon the subject of joy and speak about it to the children. The Apostle places joy among the fruits of the Spirit.[5] The Church wishes Sundays and festivals to be days of joy. To present the truths of Christianity to the mind, is very important and necessary; it is also important and necessary to bring home to the heart the possibilities of joy in Christianity, in its doctrines, Sacraments, liturgical seasons, virtues and graces. These win the heart to Christ and lead it away from worldly and sinful joys.

Noteworthy are the words of Fénélon: "If children (and people in general) come to think that virtue is sad and gloomy, but that freedom and license are pleasant, then all is lost; every

[4] *Der Pfarrer. Erlebtes und Erstrebtes*, von Lic. Dr. Rittelmayer, Pfarrer in Nürnberg, Ulm, 1909, 30.

[5] *Galatians* v, 22.

effort will be in vain." Properly understood, the saying of Nietzsche is true: "Virtue has to be free of moral sourness."

We must be not slack in our efforts to improve religious art and sacred song, to make the House of God and the liturgical functions as beautiful as possible. All this contributes to God's honor and to the welfare and joy of our people. We must also carefully cultivate the German folk-song in church within liturgical limits; and we must exhort our people to mingle religious songs and other fine songs with their work and recreation at home. A good song at the right place and time makes one feel free and joyful; it purifies the atmosphere and keeps silly and obscene songs away. Lombez says very beautifully: "To live in this world is like the captivity of Babylon to the servants of God; how can they then rejoice? Have they not reason to say, with the Israelites of old: 'How can we sing the song of the Lord in a strange land?' Yes; but even that complaint of theirs was a song. The prophet represents to us the people of God, singing that they cannot sing. Certainly there are mournful songs and joyful songs; but some little amount of joy must always accompany the action of singing; no one could ever sing from

profound melancholy, for that produces nothing but silence and inactivity."[6]

Let us not hesitate to repeat firm exhortations in the pulpit and at catechism. In so doing we shall only be following the example of the Apostle who said: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is luxury; but be ye filled with the Holy Spirit, speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual canticles, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."[7] "Is any of you sad? Let him pray. Is he cheerful in mind? Let him sing."[8] Thus we shall be following the example of the early Christians. It is hardly necessary to recall the idyllic description of life in Bethlehem given by Saints Paula and Eustochium, the companions of St. Jerome. "Wherever thou dost turn, the farmer at his plow is singing Alleluia. The reaper, dripping sweat, consoles himself with Psalms. The vine-dresser, pruning the branches with his hook, sings a verse of David's. The Psalms are the songs of this country, its only love-songs. This is the way our shepherds pipe; these are the implements of our husbandry."[9]

[6] *Op. cit.*, p. 164.

[7] *Ephesians* v, 18-19.

[8] *St. James* v, 13.

[9] St. Jerome *Ep.* 46 (al. 17): Paula and Eustochium to Marcella.

We shall be imitating the healthy example of the Middle Ages, too. The Capitularies of Charlemagne prescribe that every shepherd, on his way to and from the pasture, shall sing religious songs, so that he may be recognized by all the world as a pious Christian. "We find in a prayer-book written in 1509: 'Where two or three are gathered together, let there be singing. Sing during your work in house and field, at your seasons of prayer and devotion, in times of joy and in times of sorrow. Good songs are agreeable to God; bad ones are sinful and must be avoided. Singing to the honor of God and His saints—such singing as is heard in Christian churches on Sundays and feast-days—the singing of servants and children collected before the worthy heads of families is particularly edifying, and disposes the heart to joy. God loves the cheerful-hearted.' " [10]

[10] Johannes Janssen, *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages.* Translated by M. A. Mitchell and A. M. Christie, vol. I, pp. 261 f.

XX

JOY AND THE LOVE OF NATURE

Everything must co-operate in reawakening in the soul of our people that love of nature which used to be so lively, so warm, so tender.[1] For a long time the love of nature has been regarded as a discovery of the Renaissance, as a thing unknown in the early centuries and during the whole mediæval period. That, however, was a hasty judgment, unduly influenced by the viewpoint of our reading and writing age. A people may have deep appreciation of nature, without saying or printing very much on the subject. As a matter of fact, the moment we enter deeply and sympathetically into the popular life, we find this love of nature in every age. No sooner do we give close attention to the scant remnants of folk-song and artistic poetry, to the sermons and sacred legends, to the scenic background chosen by artists and cloister-builders, to the books of

[1] A. M. Weiss, *Die Kunst zu leben*, 8th ed., xvi: *Die Kunst, mit der Natur zu leben*, 462.

scholars and peasants, to popular usages and religious customs, than there issues forth from these a song of appreciation and love of nature, rich, clear, and jubilant. Of course there are differences of kind and degree in the development of the love of nature; but its silver veins may be traced through all the centuries. Especially in the folk-song its waters have kept fresh as a fountain, even during periods when the pedantic classical poetry had no more spirit or life than a mummy,—as for instance in the seventeenth century, or in the eighteenth, when the poets indulged in tearful sentimentalism and sickly melancholy.[2]

The love of nature is not wholly lost. It is still a strong lever, a powerful influence, in the movement and creative activity of art, science and literature, and throughout the whole life of the cultured classes. But in the life of the people it no longer has the strength and importance it once possessed. Among the people it has been put to sleep, if not killed, by modern culture,—a melancholy and ominous situation.

"To commune and to live with nature," says Walter, "is necessary for man, as a matter of

[2] A. Biese, *Die Entwicklung des Naturgefühls im Mittelalter und in der Neuzeit*, 2 Ausg., Leipzig, 1892, 275 ff. and 295 ff.

course. Separated from nature, life becomes unnatural; serious dangers threaten the health of soul and body. Alienation from nature is the result of an exaggerated culture, of unnatural habits of life and work; and conversely, these unfortunate conditions are themselves intensified by separation from nature. Unnatural enjoyments and delights take the place of natural, healthy, innocent pleasures and joys. Food, recreation, all things, assume an artificial, and consequently unhealthy, form. Man undergoes changes of mind and body which are not profitable to him. Little by little he loses his sureness of aim, his vigorous originality, his sound instinct for the things necessary to life and health. Personality, self-contained individuality, gradually gives way to a weak, nervous and unsteady type. Men no longer have the living conditions required by nature,—light, air, healthy exercise, suitable nourishment, free view of the beauty and variety of creation. And, even though a one-sided intellectual development is going on at the same time, physical and spiritual degeneration will set in.''[3]

Ruskin attributes to a man's spiritual pettiness his utter inability to appreciate the beauty

[3] *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, vom 12 Juli 1908.

of the heavens, the purity of water, the life of animals and flowers. This much is certainly true, that nothing so alienates us from nature, nothing so destroys respect and esteem, and consequently love for nature, as grossly materialistic sentiments and conduct,—intemperance, for instance, and licentiousness and intellectual insolence and pride. True, the indifference to nature, now so frightfully common, often springs less from a diseased soul than from unhealthy environment and improper education. But it is also true that, whatever its source, the loss of all love of nature diminishes a man's spiritual and mental worth, and coarsens and saddens the soul of the people; whereas a healthy appreciation of nature ennobles and beautifies life.

"There is growing up," complains Sombart, "a race of men who lack the proper affection for living nature; who never greet the sun, nor dream themselves into the starry heavens; who do not know the voices of the song birds, nor the beauty of winter nights, when the full moon is glistening on the snow-fields. It is a race devoted to watches, umbrellas, overshoes, and electric light —in a word, an artificial race. Even during the four weeks when, for once in the year, the crowds roll out from their rocky gorges into the summer

resorts, they are not content until even there, on the Digue, on the mountain slopes and on the shores of the Alpine lakes, they feel asphalt under their feet."

Mother Nature! The phrase contains a deep significance. Nature has indeed an educative function to fulfil with regard to man, and so, mother-like, she is equipped not only with many a means of discipline, but also with joys,—with such glances, words, and tones as a mother uses on her child. When Nature's educative influence is not exercised in the life of the people or on the individual, then there is something wrong —a mother has been found wanting.

If this mother is to be what she should be to us, we must respect and love her. "With awe to tremble is mankind's best gift," Faust tells us. If the soul has never learned, or has forgotten, how to tremble with awe before the immensity and majesty of nature, at the roaring of sea or torrent, at the mighty dramatic procession of the storm clouds, at the deep darkness of forest and cave, then it cannot appreciate the intimate joys of nature.

"Nature! great parent! whose unceasing Hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!

With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul
That sees astonished, and astonished sings!"[4]

Nature reveals her deepest mysteries to those who reverently love her, and performs for them many a motherly service. She speaks softly to them, when their hearts are grieved or troubled; she lifts them gently out of the thorns, calls them back again to herself when they are frightened or gone astray, and shelters them in the sublime stillness of the woods, where the silent trees hold converse with them; or else she wraps them round with storm and tempest, chiding them for being so petty and so fearful, and lends them her strength to do and suffer bravely. Ever the same, yet ever creative, she is always and everywhere instructing us about the basis of all life and productivity,—about life's two poles, perpetual stillness, and constant movement.

What a tutor she is! Her ability to teach comes from the Creator's love and wisdom. Her instruction is finely graded, divided into courses according to the seasons, not tiresome nor monotonous, always clear, stimulating, enjoyable, spiritually educative. It recommences with the dawn of each new day, when

[4] James Thomson, *The Seasons: Winter.*

"The gray-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckèd darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dark dew to dry." [5]

—and when, as a folk-song says, "in the morning breeze the branches bow like pious children at prayer." It is secretly interwoven with many a delicate thread in the daily task of each one of us, even when we are breathing a little fresh air, or taking a fleeting glance through the window at meadow and field. It is whispered to the heart in dreams,

"When the shadows darken,
Stars awake to light,
And a breath of longing
Rustles through the night." [6]

Nature's most wonderful lesson, however, rejuvenating body and soul, is imparted after the stern nerve-hardening discipline of the winter, when in the spring, an echo of the first *Fiat* vibrates through her whole kingdom, summoning all energy to work, and every creature to new life; when "River and brook are freed from ice by the lovely, life-giving glance of spring, valleys

[5] *Romeo and Juliet*, II, 3. [6] Goethe.

grow green with happy hope and feeble old winter flees to his bleak hills."[7]

Then, as Venantius Fortunatus sang in the sixth century, all bliss comes back; the flowers burst into bloom on the greensward, smiling with bright eyes; every tree rustles approval with its leaves; and the bird takes up again his song forgotten during the cold winter.

It is, therefore, a real misfortune, if blind, dull insensibility completely estranges man from nature, depriving him of all the comfort and refreshment hid in her motherly bosom. That comfort will be given not only in regions distinguished for natural beauty, and not only during special seasons of the year, but always and everywhere,—on the one condition that man is not insensitive. Nature speaks to the senses of everyone; but she speaks to the souls only of those who approach her sympathetically. When the life of nature and the life of the soul are in accord, then real enjoyment of nature begins. Both with ourselves and with others, we can do much to promote progress from sense to soul, from interest in individual life to interest in the life of nature.

This does not mean that by word and pen and

[7] *Faust.*

picture, or by travel, we must make ourselves, our children, or people in general, familiar with unusually beautiful scenes. True, the vast panorama of nature, lofty mountains, cataracts, immense rivers and seas, will move, inspire, overpower the beholder,—when not seen too early or too often, and thus made dull and tiresome. But an ordinary landscape, with its more or less interesting variety of hill and dale, of wood and field, of meadow-land and murmuring brook, comes closer to a man and eventually may mean more to him.

Especially serviceable and grateful is it to direct attention and sympathy toward the monotonous and unattractive features of nature, to deserts, for instance, and "bad weather," and whatever else is commonplace, or unnoticed, or despised. We should watch these things closely and get from them all the beauty, instruction, and training that they have to give.

The limitless range of the plains and the billowy harvest-fields; the flowering solitude and sweet privacy of the heath; the ever shifting scene and the rich play of colors on the hills; the autumn days, cooling and fading and dying so peacefully, so quietly, amid their wavering, trembling mists; the rainy days, when nature

seems to break out in tears of pain and grief, when "the rain beats down violently like a loud answer to an unspoken question;"[8] the snow-fields lit up with millions of glittering stars and diamonds, when tree and wood are hung with silver spangles, when all lies cold and rigid and glassy clear, and the earth deep hidden under thick white coverlets of wool is fast asleep, dreaming and breathing gently like a slumbering child; yonder clear spring that gushes forth impetuously into the light from a dark mountain cave, so busy to do good on every side and to give itself away; this lonely tree here, with proud bearing and splendid growth, like the monarch, as in truth it is, of all the region; the forest there, with its secret solemn inner life, nature's model of a social state; in a word, every land and clime, every hour of the day and season of the year, every wind and every weather,—all have a special quality, an individual beauty, a message and a healing power for us, if we will but look and listen and open up our hearts a little.

This sense of little things, this faculty of enjoying little things, is very important. Whoever has it, finds everywhere in nature flowers of joy "with milky stalk and honey'd cup." We

[8] Lenau.

must teach the child to understand, respect, care for and reverence the little things in nature,—the flower, the tree, the spring, the bird. Then gradually his little eyes must be opened to the larger things,—first to his own near surroundings, fields of grain, running waters, the woods, the noble array of forest giants, the meadows and highlands; then, later, to the ensemble of all these details in a landscape; next, to the way in which this picture at our feet is constantly enriched and enlivened by the daily and hourly display overhead, where on the wonderful blue background, sun, moon and stars, wind and clouds incessantly reveal themselves; and then, finally, to the special beauties of each of Nature's four moods or ages, that is to say, the seasons of the year.

Our children have too many worthless toys. Their playthings should be sun and moon and stars, flowers and stones and brooks. Only when the feeling for nature has been so far developed that the child really plays with these, talking and listening and mentally conversing, only then should he be taken on long journeys to foreign lands, upon high mountains and on the sea. And this feeling will be developed, not by bothersome lessons and ponderous instruc-

tions and sentimental effusions, but by a prudent directing of the attention, by an occasional kindly, affectionate suggestion, by means of a pilgrim's staff which for youth is a magic wand.

The love of nature is most valuable, indispensable, fruitful and rich in joy, when it strikes deep root in the religious soil of the soul. Then, as Alban Stolz says, creation becomes one big Bible, filled with pictures, parables, similitudes and lessons. The religious view of nature thoroughly permeates the Old Testament; and in the New Testament it is taught by our Savior Himself. To cultivate it and to use it as an aid in teaching, is primarily the business of the preacher and the catechist. From our Savior these may learn delicately to illustrate the loftiest and sublimest truths with images and pictures drawn from nature and the life of the common people. Be it noted, too, that this is an excellent practical means of making the country people aware of the great superiority of their life spent so close to nature, and hence helps to rid them of the morbid tendency to move to the great cities, where living conditions are foreign, and in fact hostile, to nature.

A healthy piety readily unites with the love of nature, and a fine feeling for nature can give

piety much nourishment and energy. Nature-cure should be prescribed in cases of gloomy, unhealthy piety. Lombez speaks severely to melancholy Christians: "What then! When all nature is breaking forth into transports of gladness in the sight of its Creator; when the forests and the mountains, when the little hills and the valleys, are dancing with pleasure; when the streams and the rivers, flowing rapidly in their appointed courses, sing the praises of His glory in their soft murmurs, as though they clapped their hands for joy;[9] shall we, immortal souls, created for joy, shall we alone remain insensible to the gladness of the whole universe? Shall we be the only creatures to keep a gloomy silence?"[10] A Christian who did that would be a faithless interpreter of nature, misrepresenting instead of manifesting its true sense.

Religious enjoyment of nature is a safeguard against that modern exaggerated love for nature, which springs from unbelief and impiety, from a pantheistic deification of nature, from morbid, fanatical devotion to nature, from silly attempts to substitute nature-worship for the worship of God and to find in nature the all-sufficient remedy for every ill.

[9] *Psalms* xcvii, 8. [10] *Op. cit.*, p. 20.

In four weighty verses[11] the Apostle has drawn with master-hand the outlines of a Christian philosophy of nature, and at the same time set the proper limits to love for nature. Nature is not divine, not eternal, not perfect, nor can it satisfy the human soul; indeed, it is even not sufficient unto itself. Its present condition is abnormal. It is subject to vanity and corruption, and it suffers in consequence of sin. This is proved by the contradictions, the discords, the melancholy, which so often form its dominant note, by the outbursts of grief, the tones of distress, the lamentations which re-echo from country to country. "Every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain, even until now."

Can nature in such condition be anything of a help to man? Surely, yes! By the very fact that she is a fellow-sufferer, she must be sympathetic and able to console. But much more than this; for she also shares man's hope, his aspirations, his longing to be transformed. She is full of hope and hence, despite her sufferings, she is rich in joy. Her lamentations are also cries of longing; her pains are birth-pangs. The mountains are walls and watch-towers constructed by misery digging down and aspiration

[11] *Romans* viii, 19-22.

building up; and from them nature looks out upon a better future. There is a complaining note in the roaring tempest and the howling wind; but also an ardent desire is vibrating there. Sea and river chant a lamentation for the lost Paradise; but they sing also an Advent refrain, full of longing and of mighty hope. In the sunset glow, all nature lies dreaming the blessed hope of a coming transfiguration. What still remains to her of harmony, of loveliness, of majesty and nobleness, despite all the ravages of sin—and it is no insignificant remnant—voices a twofold message to the human heart. Both messages speak of joy: one, a reminder of the perfect peace of paradise, as it were, its echo and afterglow; [12] the other, a hopeful prophecy of the future, of the new heaven and the new earth, of the full redemption which will also be the solution of every riddle and contradiction and discord in nature.

[12] For since that night the lily's leaves are pale,
And since that night the willow bows and weeps,
The cypress still its dusky garment keeps,
With fear the tendrils of the ivy quail.
The gentle fragrance of the rose full-blown
Is but her longing, but her breathed-out sigh
For Paradise and all its glories flown.
O'er Lebanon—his rocks with fires rent—
There sounds from out that world one only cry
Of the last cedar's top already bent.—*Lingg.*

That is the mystical aspect of the Christian love for nature. It is found among the Saints and gives them their wonderful familiarity with nature, whose deepest mysteries correspond to those of the human soul: "The expectation of the creature waiteth for the revelation of the sons of God. . . . For we know that every creature groaneth and travaileth in pain even till now. And not only it, but ourselves also, who have the first-fruits of the spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption of the sons of God, the redemption of our body." [13]

[13] *Romans* viii, 19-23.

XXI

JOY IN WORK

Joy in work,—a good phrase! The two things cannot be too closely joined. Once they were completely united. Then the curse of sin pushed itself in between them and laid upon work both sweat and pain; but still did not render the renewal of the old union utterly impossible. Christianity lifted the curse. Our Savior took work by the hand, pressed it to his heart, gave it again a place of honor and wedded it to joy in the home and the workshop of Nazareth. By means of prayer, every Christian can restore to work its former blessedness and joy.

For various reasons, however, work and joy may often be alien and hostile to each other and one of the chief causes of this is the failure to esteem work properly. This is hard to believe in "The Century of Labor," when earnestness and zeal for work are common. We have been censured already for having degraded labor by making it a consequence of sin and burdening it with a curse. To censure us for that is to mis-

understand us thoroughly; since it is not work, but the bitterness of work, that we trace to sin. Our doctrine solves a painful puzzle; it shows how work, so essential and well adapted to man, can be at the same time so bitter, so hard and odious. We say that the curse of sin has left its mark upon work, but we by no means affirm that work itself has become and must remain a curse.

The curse is really placed upon work by those who lay heavy and insupportable burdens on men's shoulders without ever lifting a finger to move them;[1] who lengthen working hours beyond the limits of human endurance and, at the same time, lower wages; who see in work nothing but forced effort and accursed necessity; who diligently instil into human labor the poison of ill-will and enmity and revolt, and hope only for an impossible future when work will be pure pleasure, and each man will regulate the kind and amount of his labor according to his own taste and comfort.

All this shows, first of all, the lack of a proper appreciation of work. To esteem work for its own intrinsic worth, to esteem everything that deserves the name of work, to esteem the work of others and one's own as well,—this is the foun-

[1] *St. Matthew*, xxiii, 4.

dation and prerequisite of all enduring joy in labor. What we do not honor, we do not love; and what we do not love, we do not enjoy.

Honor for every kind of work! In every man's labor a human will, an immortal soul, externalizes itself, a man's heart is throbbing and a man's blood is circulating. All work is capable of being spiritualized and ennobled to the highest degree. We must come at last to recognize that it is a sin against both culture and art for the "upper" classes to brand as vulgar and dishonorable whole groups of occupations which are necessary, and in fact indispensable, in the human household. Those persons should rather regard themselves as under personal obligations to all who perform menial offices and services. "If there were nobody to perform the menial tasks," says Treitschke, "the higher culture could not exist. We are beginning to perceive that the millions must plough and forge and plane, in order that a few thousands may govern and paint and write verses." "The thousands" then should reward "the millions" not with contempt, but with grateful respect. "Honor the man with a burden!" was a phrase of Napoleon the Great. Honor him! He is carrying ours as well.

All this is true from the merely natural standpoint. How great then can the Christian make even his most insignificant task! How precious his work becomes! Work, permeated with prayer, is like the gold standard; it has a fixed, even an eternal, value. Thus earthly deeds assume heavenly worth; they become treasures which moths and rust cannot consume, nor thieves dig up and steal; they produce everlasting merits which give title to a crown. Performed for the honor of God and with the help of the divine power of Grace, they become copies and images of God's omnipotent activity. "My Father worketh until now; and I work,"[2] said Our Savior. After him the Christian may humbly repeat, "My Father works, and my Brother, the God-Man, works, and I also work, to the honor of the Father, in the name of the Son, and with the power of the Holy Ghost."

Nothing hinders us from raising our daily work to this higher plane of dignity and value. Hence there should no longer be question of compulsory labor; the loud, cheerful "Aye" of a man perfectly willing to work prevails over the "Nay" of indolent, weary nature. Thus a man becomes free, even if born in labor's

[2] *St. John* v, 17.

chains. He determines the kind and value of his work; and he appropriates its best fruit, the absolutely sure pay which no one can lessen. With his work he is serving not men, not force, nor necessity, nor a gloomy fate, nor a machine, nor the owner of a machine, but the Overlord of all work, his God and Lord and Savior, Christ Jesus.[3]

So we learn to prize and honor and love work. We know that we never labor in vain, that despite all human weakness, misery and imperfection, our work has a value. We know how much we owe to work, and what a benefit is a great serious life task; how work steels the will, trains the faculties, strengthens the whole man; how external labor helps us in our inner work with ourselves, promoting moral purity, mental breadth and depth. Often we profit as much by failure as by success,—sometimes even more. In a great sorrow or a terrible crisis, we find that work has a wonderful power of healing. When work is completed, we enjoy inner peace, a pleasant fatigue. And not only do we rejoice after work, but we learn to be joyful during our work and even to enjoy the work itself. That is the

[3] *Ephesians* vi, 5.

true joy of work; and sometimes it breaks out in song. "Give me the man who sings while at work," says Carlyle.

Esteem for work teaches also esteem for time and for every working day given us by God. At present this esteem has largely disappeared. Little is thought of losing time, of stealing the time of others, even of "killing time,"—a good phrase, for waste of time is really partial destruction of one's life. This tendency is a symptom of decline, of culture overblown.

Speaking of his own age, Seneca tells us: "Some are oppressed with the monotony of always doing and seeing the same thing, and they experience, if not hatred, at least weariness with regard to life. And to feel thus, philosophy itself impels us. For we say: How long will this sameness last? I shall awaken and sleep, drink my fill and grow thirsty, get cold and then hot again. There is no end to anything; all things are set in a cycle. Everything flees and, at the same time, pursues: night follows day, and day night: summer gives way to autumn, and autumn to winter, and winter softens into spring. All things pass only to return. I neither see nor do anything new. And this, at last, brings on

nausea. Many there are who find life, not bitter indeed, but utterly empty." [4]

Let no one entertain such sentiments, very "modern" again, just now, yet essentially low and base. What right hast thou to face with peevish, spiteful, ill-natured look, the young day that cometh beaming over the hills, and is greeted joyously by all nature? Why art thou so unfriendly and distrustful? Hadst thou not better make friends with it, since, in any event, along with it thou hast to go? Ask it what message, what task, it hath for thee. Perhaps it may tell thee to split wood, or to sweep the streets, or to teach children the alphabet, or to write reports, or to learn lessons by heart. In any case its mission is always an important and most honorable one, for it bringeth thee from the Supreme Lord this order: "Work to live and to attain the goal of life, to fulfil God's will, to provide for thine own welfare and to benefit thy neighbor; to gain for thyself and others, in time and in eternity, all the blessings contained in work and flowing from work!" Is that unimportant, or worthless? Can a king or emperor do more this day?

Thou dost complain that thy days run along

[4] *Ep.* 24.

monotonously, that the same duties pass and repass with the same leaden step, that the date on the calendar is the only difference between one day and another. Thou longest to see that great day when for once thou mayest show what thou art and what thou canst do. Do not deceive thyself. Whether a day of thy life shall be great or not, depends upon thyself alone. Each day will be just as important, as full, as holy, as thou willest it to be. Consider this well: each morning is a newborn babe, each day a little life, each evening a sort of lesser death.

If thou dost from the beginning misuse the day and fill it with nothing but idleness, listlessness, indolence, it will shrink up into a nonentity, it will be crushed between the two millstones of the past and the future, and all because thou hast not had wisdom enough to keep it present by means of work and a drop of eternity. If thou dost use it for the contrary of that purpose for which it was given, then in the balancing of life's account, it will reappear, not merely as a loss, but as a debt.

If at early morning thou hast looked the day bravely in the eye and grappled it in manly wise, as Jacob did the angel;[5] and if, during all the

[5] *Genesis*, xxxii, 24.

day, thou hast plodded on simply in the rough furrows of thine accustomed toil, yet carefully, lovingly, joyfully sowing the seeds of thy manual or mental labor, and the seeds of good thoughts and good intentions, then truly hath it been as great a day as any in thy life. Honor work and each working day, and one great day will follow another.

Thus springs up that fountain of joy in work which never runs entirely dry, although sometimes perhaps it barely trickles forth. Its quickening, gushing waters bring life, refreshment, freedom and happiness into the most dismal, monotonous, unsatisfactory kind of labor. Whoever has dug a well of this sort in the depths of his nature and his life, guarding it carefully, replenishing it and keeping it clean, is safe; he will work with joy as long as he is able to work.

But what when he can work no more? When the faculties of mind and body no longer obey the will to work? When after repeated efforts and attempts, he finally has to surrender and to eliminate work from his daily routine? What then?

Frankly, there can then be no further question of joy in work. Man must now enter the school of suffering and undergo the stern discipline of a beginner, until he slowly rises at first to the up-

per class, where people live in quiet patience, silently and tranquilly; and then to the highest class, where one learns the art of making necessity a virtue, endurance an activity, and pain itself a living force that produces work of higher order, greater goodness and more merit.

Then the garden of joy will blossom anew with roses as fresh and red as if watered with heart's blood, reminding us of those that adorned the hands and feet and side of the Man of Sorrows.

XXII

JOYS OF THE SOUL

The senses are ever eager and busy to receive and transmit pleasant impressions. What we call "joy," however, properly belongs to the soul. Real value attaches only to the joy which presses its way through the region of sense into the province of the soul; and the most precious joys are those of purely spiritual origin, that is to say, the joys originating from the soul's communion with the higher world.

But these soul-joys can be experienced only by him who leads a soul-life, who is wont to withdraw as often as may be from the outer world and activity into the conclave of the inner self, and thus escape from the influence of the external senses, "unsense" himself as it were, and create an inner independent world, from whose wonderful regions and mysterious depths the springs of life well forth. The "Islands of the Blessed" exist only in the quiet ocean of the soul.

The modern man is in the greatest possible

danger of becoming a stranger to his own interior life; and this constitutes one reason of his joylessness. Modern culture does not care about the inner life. Under the dominance of "asphalt culture," as Sombart calls it, life has undergone a sinister process of externalization. It has become practically street-life, railroad-life, club-life. Father Weiss [1] more severely calls it "mouse-life," spent in other people's rooms; "frog-life," noisy with the croaking of banquet-rooms and amusement-halls; "bird-life," flitted away on the railroad, "sparrow-life" spent on the streets. Nowadays everyone reads the newspapers. Necessary as they are and useful as they can be when good, they are not exactly adapted to promote interior concentration, since into the smallest hamlet and home they carry the noise of all the world.

No wonder then, that there is to be noticed in people's souls a great leveling, wasting, brutalizing process. Beyond question, in both the upper and the lower classes, many have no real soul-life, no interior life, at all. They are never at home. They forget, and at last they lose, their soul, and hence cannot but be unhappy. The man of this type has been infected with the

[1] *Apologie des Christentums*,[3] IV. 819.

feverish longing to live outside of himself. He ought to be learning to live within himself, to live into himself, to grow great, strong, happy in himself, and not to be planning to appear on the stage of the world in the heroic rôle of great man, reformer, liberator, philanthropist.

Apart from every other consideration, there is much pedagogical wisdom in the Church's good old rule of life, often scorned, often treated lightly or disobeyed, namely, to pray daily, to examine one's conscience every night, to receive the Sacraments regularly. Whoever holds to this, escapes at least the most modern form of misery; he does not surrender his soul. He retains the faculty of seeing, hearing, feeling and living within, and of experiencing true inner joys. For a man cannot make his heart light and joyous by emptying it, but only by deepening and broadening it and filling it with good things.

How many there are who, if they look within, see only darkness. As Foerster puts it, their own interiors are for them the darkest part of the world and there they flounder about in total gloom and fall into errors and illusions that even other people see and laugh at.

In such darkness nothing good can grow, least of all the healthy flowers of joy. St. Augus-

tine [2] teaches that one of the most important duties of life is to keep the eye of the heart sound. This is the exhortation of Our Saviour, too: "If thy eye be single, thy whole body will be lightsome. Take heed, therefore, that the light which is in thee be not darkness." [3]

If this inner kingdom is well lighted, carefully ruled and kept in good order, it provides an excellent soil for all the fine seeds of joy which the senses will industriously collect and plant there, and for all those others which will be wafted down from the heavens above. Nor will there be lack of deep waters to reflect the stars of heaven, nor of clear streams to penetrate and vivify the whole region.

Such is the blessing of the inner life. It is illustrated by the old tale of the scholarly ecclesiastic who, in pursuit of his own perfection, sought a spiritual guide and adviser. After much searching, he at last found what he was seeking in the person of a beggar covered with sores before the door of a church. He said to the beggar, "Good day, Brother!" and the answer came,

[2] *Tota opera nostra, fratres, in hac vita est sanare oculum cordis, Serm.* 88, 5.

[3] *St. Luke* xi, 34-35.

"I have never had a bad one."

"Then may God send thee better days!"

"My lot has always been the best."

"How can that be? You are covered with wounds and sores."

"That is true, but it is the goodness of God that has sent them to me. When the sun shines, I enjoy the sun. When it storms, I enjoy the storm, for God sends it."

"Who art thou?"

"I am a king."

"Where is thy kingdom?"

"My soul is my kingdom and no rebellions ever happen there."

"How camest thou to this supremacy?"

"I sought it in prayer and meditation for a long time until I found it."

"And how didst thou find it?"

"I found it as soon as I had rid myself of the external world."

Seneca says: "I would have thee never without joy. I would have joy born as a child in thy home; and so it is born when it abides within thee."[4] But this inner home has a doorkeeper whose name is "Silence." In the discipline, the moral code, the asceticism of the Church, silence

[4] *Ep.* 23.

has always been looked upon as important; and was so recognized by Pythagoras in his day. At present, silence is no longer honored and is very rarely met. Both Carlyle and F. W. Foerster have tried to restore it to honor again. The latter well says: "Silence is the beginning of all freedom from the domination of the external world."[5]

Being the custodian of the inner world, silence is also the guardian of interior joyousness; and nowadays, without the help of silence, one cannot long be sure of joy. Gossip has become a real epidemic in modern life. This is largely the fault of the press which lives in part by tattle and gossip.

How much joy is destroyed by the inevitable gossip spoken and written, so idle and worthless, so silly and mean and unfeeling and indiscreet, even when free of all evil intention! And how much joy is killed by malicious, poisonous, disgraceful gossip which disregards all restrictions of privacy and decency, all authority, all friendship, and the innermost sanctuary of the family. And this sort of gossip, printed on cheap paper, lays claim to the title of public opinion! Public nuisance, rather, and public

[5] *Lebensführung*, 40.

fraud! Behind the newspaper article stands one man, and he oftentimes a scoundrel. Is *he* public opinion? He will do his best to mislead opinion and his occasional successes are sad to see.

Verily, it is high time that all respectable people should meet the mighty power of gossip with the mightier power of silence, and should restore "the blessing of closed lips" to a society whose peace and confidence have been disturbed. Pious and friendly speech can indeed effect much good and great joy, but there is likewise rich blessing and merit in a soulful, respect-compelling, considerate silence.

Newspapers which feed upon gossip and, under the hypocritical pretence of representing public interests, assail the honor and reputation of blameless men who do their duty, should be recognized as a common danger and banished from every respectable house. Those persons who have been selected as victims by such papers, must not let their joy in life be destroyed thereby. They must shelter their peace and joy under the sacred shadow of tranquil silence. No matter what reproach is cast at them, they must bury it in the fathomless depths of perfect silence, after the example of Him who said:

"But I, as a deaf man, heard not; and as a dumb man not opening his mouth."[6]

Just here perhaps, it will be necessary to settle a doubt. An interior life, fenced round with manly, soul-deep silence, should be the best garden of joy. But not seldom the most interior and deepest souls are subject to gloomy melancholy; and, out of their silent depths, invisible save to the soul itself and to God, there seems to rise not the fresh breeze of joy but the depressing mist of sadness.

The fact must be admitted. The problem deserves a thorough investigation and explanation. But for our present purpose, it is enough to note that this melancholy of noble souls conceals in its dark coffers treasures too precious to be exchanged for the happiest moods or for all the joys in the world. Many others get enjoyment from these treasures; and the souls in question themselves possess joys not otherwise obtainable, joys as deep, as high, as complete, as glowing, as their pain and woe.

"Our weakness is the lack of interior life. One truly interior soul suffices to give life and strength and inspiration to thousands."[7]

[6] *Psalms* xxxvii, 14.

[7] A. M. Weiss, *Die Kunst zu leben*, 175.

XXIII

REJOICE!

Here now, by way of conclusion, is a rule of life of startling simplicity. You ask: "How can I raise the level and enlarge the content and insure the continuance of joy in my life? How can I make every day a day of joy?" The answer is, "By rejoicing." This seems to be a cheap sort of advice, but it is full of practical wisdom. We can learn love, we can win love, only in one way, by loving; and joy, only by rejoicing. It is far from true that we cannot train, yea, compel, our hearts to love. And it is equally untrue that we cannot make the heart learn joy, practise joy, live in joy.

We can and we should do this. One can look happy outwardly, even though the heart is bleeding. But the will's power goes much further. Where the will is chosen and recognized as the real ruler of life, it can effectually command the heart to be joyful at times when suffering and discomfort and discontent and pessimism might

otherwise prevail. Why should it not have this power? Ought we not to be able to do what a stranger's will could do? And often enough not only the will, but even the mere mood, of another can wholly alter our state of mind, as for instance, when an ordinary witticism converts sadness into mirth.

I shall not affirm that the will is always able to do this, nor that it always does it alone, by its own strength. There are times when other and higher aids are required; when the will is no longer able to master the elemental force of sadness and depression. But it remains absolutely true that a will trained and chosen to rule, a will not enslaved by passion or emotion, a will in touch with the powers of the other world and accustomed to regulate the weather of the soul for each day and hour,—such a will, in spite of any rising or falling of atmospheric pressure, can make the barometer always point to "Fair."

Here again, as in so many other cases, we usually underrate the power of the will. It is really able to do far more than we think, more than we rely upon it to do. We underrate its power of achievement, because we do not sufficiently exercise and cultivate this faculty. The precepts of Sacred Scripture: "Serve ye the

Lord with gladness"[1] and "Rejoice in the Lord always!"[2] are really commands and are possible of fulfilment. There is such a thing as "a will to rejoice," but it has to be awakened and exercised, and, in this way, developed.

What keeps thee each morning from exhorting thy heart to be joyful, and from repeating such exhortation several times a day? Is there lack of material, or occasion, or motive for joy? If thine eye be clear, then on either side of the path of life thou mayest find as many reasons to rejoice as to lament. When, after a refreshing sleep, thou beholdest before thee a new day of life, is that not in itself an occasion of joy? Or, if thou hast passed a sleepless, anxious night, dost thou not rejoice that it is over? If some great anxiety, or some downright misfortune, burdens thy soul, how needful is it that thou shouldst not fix thy gaze on this one dark spot alone, but that the will to rejoice should compel thee to look out through the darkness for a consoling star.

A strong, well-trained will becomes inventive in discovering motives and causes of joy; and, as a general rule, effectually sets them off against numerous occasions of sadness. Closely viewed

[1] *Psalms* xcix, 2. [2] *Philippians* iv, 4.

and properly judged, life is really as rich in joys as in sorrows,—or perhaps, is even richer in joy. But the pupil of the eye is often more sensitive to dark than to light. What is it that prevents men—especially faithful Christians—from rejoicing early and late each day? "Joy" and "joyful" are words spoken in every language and by every voice, by nature, family, vocation, work, faith, grace, church, prayer, hope, love. But we do not hearken to these voices; we let them be drowned in the noise of the world.

If we accustom ourselves to listen to them, if we learn to rejoice at what is really joyful and avoid trampling the wayside blossoms clumsily into the ground, then by degrees the heart will acquire a better condition and a sure, peaceful rhythm, so that it will not be disturbed even by what is really unpleasant. Indeed, gradually, we shall learn to bring even unpleasant things into the sunny land of joy, to rejoice in hardship and misfortune, and even *at* hardship and misfortune. For by the light of faith we shall recognize these as the guarantees of everlasting joy, and welcome them as a new point of resemblance to Our Lord and Master.

When we have arrived at this stage, the victory is won. The normal, healthy climate of the soul

prevails, heaven's azure vault overspans the life of earth, and, even if cloud and storm come, blue sky and sunshine soon return. On the gloomiest rainy days, there is at least a rainbow; and in the darkest night, one little star brings comfort to the soul.

Everyone, therefore, should create his own small world of joy and guard it securely. "The habit of looking always on the bright side of things," says Hume, "is worth more than a large income." Ruskin's advice is, "Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. Those are nests on the sea indeed, but safe beyond all others; only they need much art in the building. None of us yet know, for none of us have yet been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in."[3]

It is important that by means of a healthy optimism, a fine sense of joy and a strong will to rejoice, our daily human need of happiness may

[3] *The Eagle's Nest*, ch. ix: "*The Story of the Halcyon*," 204.

be daily satisfied. If our joys are little, they will be all the more numerous, and we shall never fall into a bankruptcy of joy with all its sad consequences. Then, the normal appetite for joy, being satisfied, will never degenerate into that fierce greed which bolts down even the husks of swine and cannot be appeased except with streams of alcohol. Then there will be no need of special places of amusement, of noisy revels, of excesses to whip jaded nature into joy;—we shall always be content.

The more this art of rejoicing enters and takes root in the religious field, and above all, the closer it allies itself with gratitude to God, the less need we fear that continued joy will injure the austere Christian ideal of life and conduct. Far from promoting frivolity, joy will perform a valuable service for the religious life. An increase of joyfulness and gratitude might indeed work upon ordinary, dull, thankless, drowsy Christianity like the winds and storms of spring. Joy in holy faith and sincere gratitude for the possession of this supreme good, would scatter whole clouds of silly doubt, and give free breath to many a bosom weighed down, as if under a mountain, by the foolish notion that for cultured and scientific minds, faith is a fearful, almost

an impossible burden. Joyous thanks and thankful joy for the precious benefits of the Eucharist, of the sacraments and of prayer, would surely be the most practical way of trying to make better use of these gifts. "Thankfulness for gifts received," says St. Catherine of Siena, "feeds the source of piety in the soul; whereas ingratitude dries it up." The taste of pure and holy joys robs worldly and sinful joys of all their charm and even instils an aversion for them.

Rejoice then, in the saving gifts of God, and thou wilt surely give thanks for them. In thine own person thou wilt then disprove the saying that debts of gratitude are the last to be paid, and last among all debts of gratitude the debts for spiritual, supernatural benefits. Give thanks for these goods, and then thou wilt enjoy them, and thereafter thou wilt never have to complain of lack of joy. Whoever thou art and whatever be thy life and lot, let no day pass without rejoicing. At this present moment, while reading these words, arouse thy heart to joy, and arouse it again and again. And as often as anything cometh to weigh it down, look around instantly for a counterpoise to lift it up again. The practice of these exercises of joy will grad-

ually make thy heart beat regularly and happily and will give fresh buoyancy to thy life.

Yet at hearing the counsel, or command, "Rejoice, rejoice," many a one will not know just how to begin; and perhaps may think the order idle, vague, useless. We may as well therefore, supplement it with another more concrete and practical rule: "Keep the world of thy thoughts and feelings in good order, and then joy will come and remain always."

"The kingdom of God is within you." How much is contained in this one word of our Savior's. The kingdom of God, and hence also the kingdom of joy, is within us. The greater part of our time and labor, of our care and love, should be devoted to this inner kingdom, which alone is wholly ours, where alone we are really masters. Is the weather fair within? Then let it rain and storm outside. In this kingdom the weather will be regulated according to the wind, the tide, the temperature, of mood and thought and feeling.

It is not, however, our intention to lay down the rule: "Exclude all but happy thoughts and feelings!" That would hardly be practical. The principle should rather be, "Only good thoughts and feelings are to be invited, admitted

or entertained." These, like bees, carry with them the pollen of joy; whereas evil thoughts breathe poison.

Yet there prevails a tendency greatly to underrate the importance of the thoughts and feelings which each day and hour and moment float across the broad firmament of this little inner world like passing birds or clouds. We regard them as so much air, or we look on them as irresponsible children who must be let do as they please, and for whose movements no one is answerable. As a matter of fact, they are spiritual forces, which radiate their influences and effect results, good or bad, corresponding to their own nature. Brought into the light of consciousness and fed with the milk of volition, they become living beings, active energies, and, in union with numerous comrades, they not only set the tone for the inner life of the spirit, but also express themselves in conduct and in deeds.

Thoughts are subtle, secret things, yet they are also active forces, efficient for good or evil, as the case may be. This truth cannot be repeated too often. It plainly implies that we must invite and entertain good thoughts, but repress and banish bad ones. Here we have the solution of the most puzzling point in the prob-

lem of joy. Good thoughts and feelings create in the soul a healthful, sunny atmosphere. Pure, lofty thoughts, thoughts of God and eternity, thoughts and feelings of faith, hope, and charity, of trust and mercy; anxious and sad thoughts, bordered with patience and resignation like evening clouds fringed with sunset purple and gold; thoughts of one's employment and calling, sprinkled with the holy water of prayer and good intention; even distressing thoughts of one's own guilt and a smarting sense of sin, immersed in the blood of Christ and the mercy of God—all these are an odor of life unto life [4] and leave behind them the fragrance of joy. Frivolous, vain, dark, destructive, despairing thoughts; thoughts of envy, fear, rage, hatred, greed, malice, discontent, impurity,—these are an odor of death unto death, and they kill joy, just as they corrode and destroy the life of the body.

For that reason the will must be determined to rejoice. In the inner kingdom, an end must be put to anarchy, to the disorderly play of chance and mood, to passive oscillation between the two extremes of "heavenly happiness" and "tragic woe." A consistent and prudent rule must purify and direct the thoughts and emo-

[4] *II Corinthians* ii, 16.

tions, inviting or rejecting, uniting or dividing them. This creates order, rest and peace in the soul, and where they prevail, joy is not far away.

These are no idle promises and expectations and anticipations, no mere fancies or imaginings. They are well-tested rules of conduct drawn from rich experience. We can guarantee their validity,—with one reservation which must again be strongly emphasized.

The never to be forgotten point is that in the household of life joy is not root nor stem, but blossom, and a pure, perfect, sound blossom can never come from a diseased root and a rotten stalk. We must not forget that *all true joys have to be merited and cannot be enjoyed except as the reward of good conduct.* As Seneca said: "True joy is a serious matter."[5]

The foundation and indispensable condition of all true joy is the fulfilment of duty, conscientious work, fidelity to one's earthly and heavenly calling, a right disposition of heart towards God and the God-Man.

The edelweiss of true spiritual joy cannot possibly take permanent root among the thorns and thistles and stinging nettles of a life where work is feared and duty neglected, nor in the

[5] *Ep.* 23.

swampy morass of lewdness and intemperance, nor in the hard, stony soil of unloving selfishness, nor in the sunless lowlands of laziness, nor in the desert wastes of a soulless, godless, brutish existence, nor in the quicksand and mire of frivolity and superficiality. In such soil will flourish only short-lived flowers of evil odor with poisonous berries.

Ruskin says that the pleasures resulting from sensuality, vain knowledge, base voluptuousness, all change into slow torture.

The edelweiss of joy needs a deep, rich, sunny soil, pure mountain air, and a mountain climate. It grows best in the state of grace, in a life of virtue and holiness. There it is never missing. Neither is it missing in the life of the worst sinner, if he turns resolutely towards the sun and bends his steps from the low ground to the heights. At once joy smiles on him, encouraging him in his bitter task of penance. The higher one ascends, the clearer grows life's atmosphere, the more earnest is the fulfilment of duty, the wider one's bosom expands in the warm sunny regions of love, the less lack of joy there is, the more masterful and lordly grows the will, until at last it is strong enough to say to trouble: "Begone!" and to joy: "Come!"

XXIV

CONCLUSION

Now I am content for I feel that I have not written in vain. Many tired eyes will rest on these pages; even should they close in sleep over my book, it will be in peaceful slumber. And if God bestows the blessing which I humbly beg, then many of these thoughts, principles, and counsels, will become living entities and spiritual forces; they will rise beyond the limitations of print, gather allies, and boldly declare war against the host of modern enemies of joy,—against alcohol and lewdness and selfishness and greed of pelf, against neurasthenia and false philosophy, against uneducation and overeducation, against any art which makes people unhappy, which is as injurious as it is vulgar, against any literature which makes a business of cultivating misery.

Success to the crusade of joy!

Of trouble and misery and distress, there will always be enough upon earth; let us take care

that there shall always be enough of joy as well. True joy, which is spiritual and supernatural, seems to have lost its value in the world of to-day; let us prize it above everything else. Hundreds are busy burdening themselves and others with cares and troubles, with sins and crimes; let us array against them thousands who will daily think of creating joy for others.

The world, like a mountebank, presents its show joys and its sham joys; on every side hell offers its intoxicating cup; let us offer men the manna of true joy. Our own lives are often poor in joy. Let us on that account try all the harder to enrich others with joy, and we ourselves shall no longer then be poor.

In many species of trees, the seed-capsules are winged so that, instead of falling under the tree to lie there, they may be carried off by the wind and find better soil. Thus may this seed of joy, winged by a blessing from above, fly on favorable winds through all lands, to find everywhere good soil and bring forth fruit thirtyfold, sixtyfold, a hundredfold.

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